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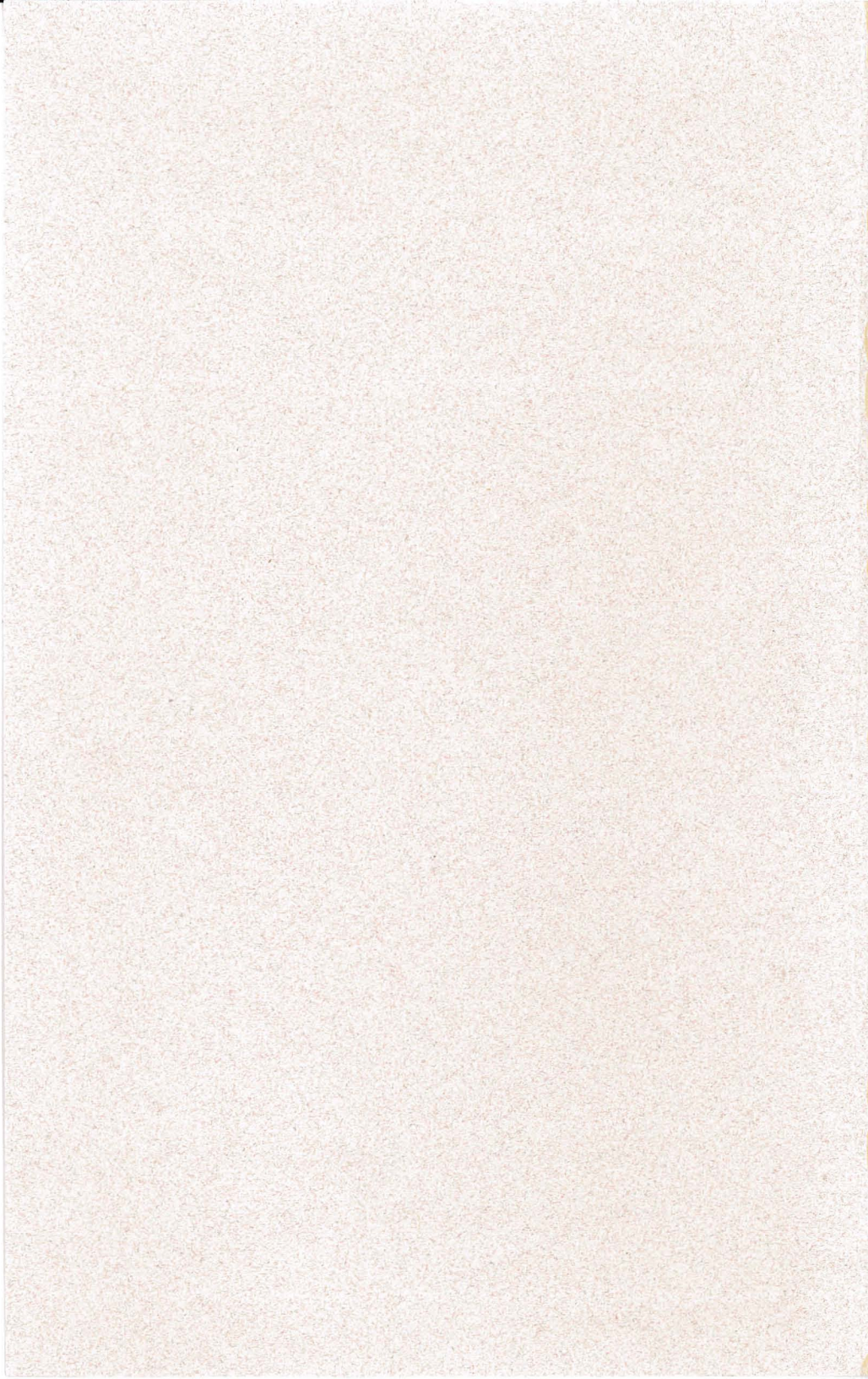
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# PATTERNS

37TH EDITION, 1995









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The 37th Edition  
of  
**P A T T E R N S**



A Publication of  
St. Clair County Community College  
Port Huron, Michigan

**PREFACE**

*"Artistic temperament...sometimes seems a battleground, a dark angel of destruction and a bright angel of creativity wrestling."*

--Madeleine L'Engle

The art and writing selected for this year's edition of Patterns deserves our attention, interest, and support because of the tremendous commitment our students make to producing their work. Despite the increased pressure created by a changing economy and the challenges facing our community, the students who submitted entries believed enough in themselves as tomorrow's artists and writers to help St. Clair County Community College produce the 37th edition. As we all continue to battle the politics of the human experience, it is an honor to note those who labor to carry our cultural lives forward.

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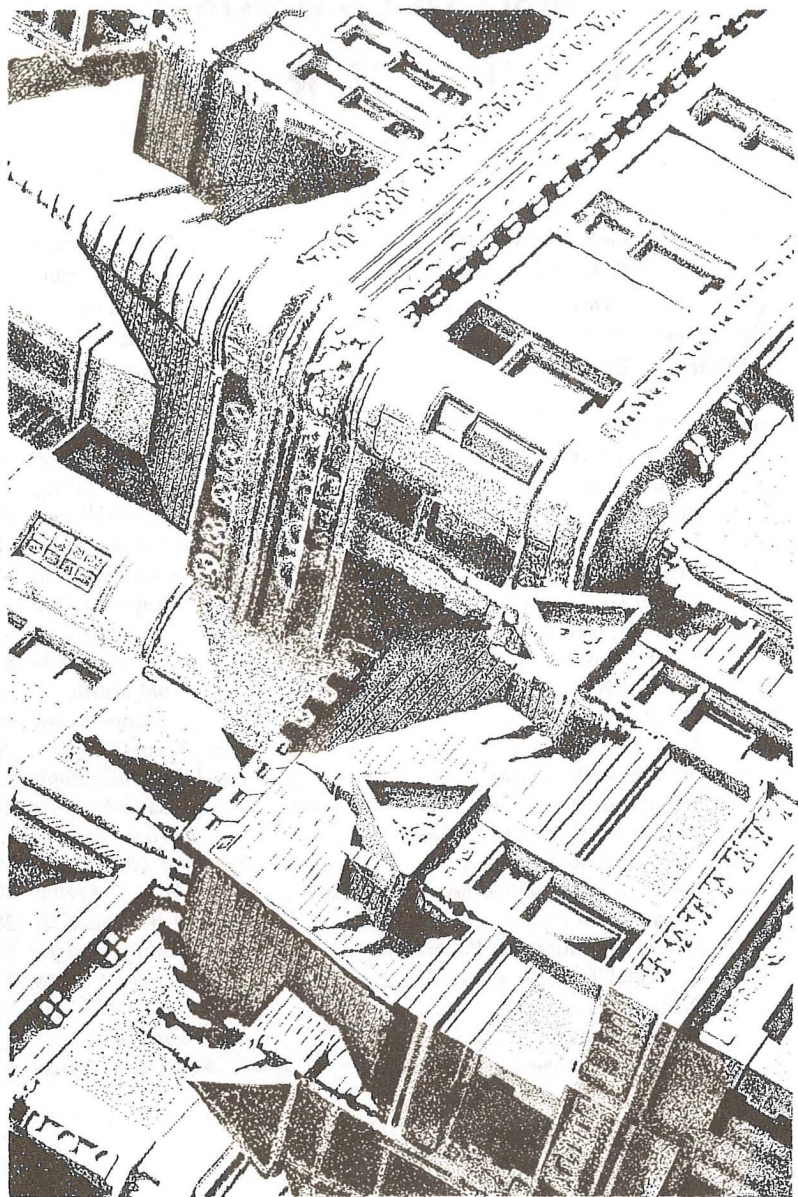
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## "ALMOST NOON"

Tony Fallarme





## IN MEMORIAM

### Blanche Redman

Founder of PATTERNS

November 14, 1901 - September 30, 1994

Blanche Redman retired from St. Clair County Community College in 1969 and returned to her home state of Iowa where she continued to write and inspire others in their writing for another 25 years through her active involvement in several writers' groups and the Iowa Poetry Association.

During these years she also continued to read and delight in the creative expression of SCCC students published each year in PATTERNS. The 25th edition was dedicated to her and contained her reminiscence on "PATTERNS and How It Grew" and a few of her own poems.

Blanche, who taught English and German, founded PATTERNS in 1958 in response to student writers whose talent she recognized and nurtured, and with the support and encouragement of Dean James Browning, then chief administrator of Port Huron Junior College. Because Blanche not only believed in nurturing the creativity of others but in letting others know about it, she sent out copies of PATTERNS to teachers of creative writing at various colleges and universities, like the University of Iowa and the University of Michigan, and proudly reported the words of praise they sent her. How pleased she would be to know that last year's edition of PATTERNS took second place honors in the Central Division of the Community College Humanities Association competition!

Her own accomplishments as a writer are extensive, and her poetry and feature articles appeared in a wide variety of publications in Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Oregon, Georgia, Kansas, California, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Michigan. Among the more recent special recognitions she received were having her poems in honor of Emily Dickinson published by the Amherst Society, receiving the Golden Poet Award from the World of Poetry, receiving several first place awards in the Mississippi Valley Poetry Contest, being named Poet of the Year twice by the Iowa Poetry Association, and being

nominated for Who's Who in American Education. The Writers Studio in Iowa announced plans to hold a poetry contest in memory of Blanche shortly after her death.

An early notable achievement for her was serving as Iowa State Chairman for AAUW in the Search for New Deal Art, locating works under the Federal Art Projects of the 1933-1943 depression years. Among those she located are the famous Grant Wood murals at the Iowa State University in Ames, the children's room of the Des Moines Public Library, and 60 original charcoal sketches which have found a permanent home at the Smithsonian.

Her frequently published poem, "First, Take One Red Ripe Tomato," won many awards and was also published in the Silver Anniversary edition of PATTERNS. In her honor and to her memory, fellow poet and friend, Dick Stahl, wrote a poem entitled "The Lady of Language" which ends with these lines:

*and, like a child, she drank  
deep as Keats  
or Hopkins, writing  
how the sweet and red and warm  
juice flavored her poetry, "I think it did,"  
she would say,  
I know it did.*

Her own words in the famous tomato poem perhaps serve best as her own penned epitaph:

*Today I winked at God, and He winked back at me,  
I think He did.*



## The Richard J. Colwell Award

*"Artists must be sacrificed to their art. Like bees, they must put their lives into the sting they give."*

-R.W. Emerson

Established in honor of a wiry, lepruchanish character who loved life, language, and above all else in English, the short story, the Richard J. Colwell award is given annually to the student who takes a chance with a story and succeeds. This year's winner, Gina M. Tucker, challenges readers with her second place story "The Conquest." There are many ways to conquer, and we may not like some people, or even ourselves, for "winning" at certain times. The feelings and emotions of conquering are, however, honest and real. Ms. Tucker not only explores those feelings in this short story, but her writing is to be found elsewhere in Patterns.

Perhaps her four lyric poems that are also included in Patterns may be closer to Gina's eventual artistic calling, which is music. Piano, guitar, and just recently, the violin, are as much Gina's instruments of expression as is the pen. With a future educational plan to earn a degree in graphic design, Gina seems poised to balance a career with the practical and the artistic; these qualities are blended in a person who is not afraid to be different by trying combinations of ideas. As Gina says, "No ideas are new, but there is a style in my writing." It is that style, along with Gina's willingness to take a chance, that makes her work worth recognizing with this year's Richard J. Colwell Award.



**TREESTYLES**  
Catherine Ingles



## The Eleanor B. Mathews Writing Award

*I knew that he could barely see down the long highway. It was so dark, and the fog made it impossible to see anything clearly. What else could he or anyone else do but follow the car in front of him? This is the way most travel on this highway where the destination is so unclear.*

"That which is Passed on This Highway," James McCulloch

These closing sentences from a short story in progress reflect a deep interest in the human condition and a unique talent for shaping response to the world through writing. This quest for art and knowledge was exemplified by Eleanor Mathews, one of our finest teachers and poets. Established in 1983 by friends and family to honor her memory and celebrate student writers, the Eleanor B. Mathews Award is given to a writer who demonstrates outstanding creativity, technical skill, and individual style. This year's recipient is one of our best students, James Michael McCulloch.

James' writing centers on both the joy and pain we feel as we struggle to believe in ourselves and the people we love. His essay "To Build A Fire...Lesson Two," reminds us that we can lose our souls or search them.

James has other gifts. In addition to playing piano, James is a musician in the SCCCC Symphonic Band and the local Salvation Army Band. He also works as a youth programs counselor for the Salvation Army. He writes and speaks often of his love for his family, and lives with them in St. Clair. After graduation, James plans to transfer to Western Michigan University and become a teacher.

## The Healing In Me (The Maine)

Gina Maria Tucker

In October I escaped  
To that cockeyed little cabin  
Down the road at the bottom  
Of the hill

All secluded and alone  
From asphalt crime and phone  
Near a lake black as night  
In the day

Filled to the brim  
Oddly eerie foggy grim  
Bustled breaking upon itself  
Without a shore

As autumn waned to winter  
I cuddled up acrylic  
Itched musty plaid blanket  
On the floor

With a fire in the place  
Sipped Bailey's coffee chase  
Munched Mozart and butterscotch  
With Edgar Allan Poe

In the morn the crazy loon  
Woke the sun - scared the moon  
And the smell of burning leaves  
Dawned the day

I headed for the lighthouse  
On the ocean's rocky shore  
Hear the roar - foghorns bellow  
On the bay

With all my fears and faults  
I waded in the salt icy water  
Healing every wound and woe  
I ever wore



## Precious Time

Laura Ashley

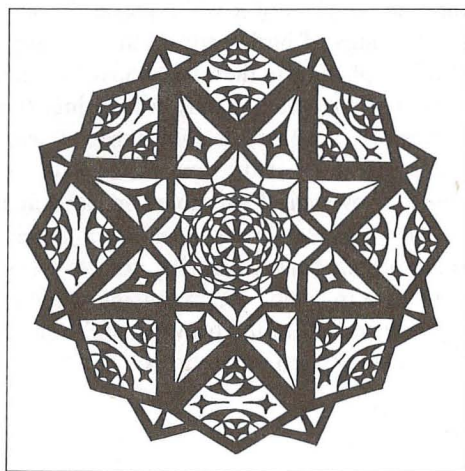
At 9:30 p.m. the telephone rang, and by the feeling in the pit of my stomach I knew who it was. "Your father has expired approximately thirty minutes ago," the unfamiliar voice on the other end of the line said. He added, "I'm sorry." When the reality of what just happened set in, I too would be sorry in more ways than one. My dad was only forty-two years old. He wasn't supposed to die for at least another twenty or thirty years. That would have been plenty of time to apologize for the argument we had, which left us not seeing or speaking to each other for the last two months. Time had stopped long enough to allow me to see that time was elapsing, moments were passing, people were disappearing, and life was ending. The most painful lesson I had learned was that life was too short to waste precious time.

Never had I stopped to realize that each click of a clock's second hand meant that time just slipped by. It was here, and then it was gone. That single space in time would never return. I looked at my life and saw that I had this pattern of being discontent with the present. I was always rushing through it because I was ready to get on with tomorrow and anxious to forget the past.

Moments were something I had never slowed down long enough to enjoy. A single moment in time can be used for something positive, it can be saved in your memory like a photograph. When walking down the street, I would notice the garbage in the gutters and the weeds in between the cracks of the sidewalk. Not once did I notice the red roses or pink blossoms growing through the slats of a white picket fence. I didn't take a moment to listen to the songs of birds early in the morning or reminisce over the sounds of children playing in their backyards. I could not even appreciate the present season of the year. I only waited impatiently for what came next. When it was hot I wanted it cold; when it was cold I wanted it hot. The icy glistening snow said to me, "Play with me, build a snowman, or make an angel"; however, I grumbled indoors in my heating blanket and pouted. Autumn leaves of crimson, amber, and gold beckoned me to take a drive and soak in their beauty. Spring breezes whistled in my ear and tried to put a bounce in my step. Summer rains called to me to come outside, dance with my arms raised to the heavens, and taste the rain's coolness on my tongue. My tongue found only curses.

This attitude of time affected my relationships to people. When I gave birth to my son, I couldn't wait for the next stage of growth. I couldn't wait for him to crawl, and then I couldn't wait for him to walk. Suddenly I was anxious for him to talk, to get his own cereal in the morning, and to go to school. I found myself wanting him to be a baby again all of a sudden when he no longer wanted to hold my hand in public. Where had the time gone? Quality time was finally a definition I understood although understanding always seemed to come when it was too late. Losing my father so unexpectedly made me want to turn back time, but I couldn't. Quality time with him had been wasted because of stubborn pride. Two years later, the same type of tragedy struck me again. My husband was twenty-six years old and was supposed to have his whole life ahead of him; however, he was struck and killed by a hit-and-run driver on the freeway while changing his truck's front left flat tire. He and I had been separated for awhile. Not only was I suffering grief, but again I felt the guilt of lost time, of words not said, and forgiveness not achieved.

I finally grasped the reality of life. Each gorgeous moment of it should be celebrated for what it is in each stage. Like the different seasons, I have learned to appreciate life's changes from month to month, week to week, and day to day. I learned painfully that life can be shorter than I expected, and that I should live it with love and forgiveness -- not with anger and hatred.



**SNOW-FLAKE**  
Assem Mamyrbaeva

## Watching You

Jeffrey A. Radike

I used to be young one time,  
When peering through wooden slats,  
And tiny eyes,  
Amidst the broken toys,  
And torn blankets that were my world.

I can still see your expressions,  
From my first uncaring perspective,  
Or at least an unknowing one,  
And I still wonder if you laughed or cried,  
Before you slept.

I got older then and tall enough to  
see the worn expression life etched upon your face,  
And I now understand and care,  
I wish I didn't though and sometimes,  
I still play with my broken toys.

Still growing always growing,  
Perceptions change and I long again  
to see you through my tiny eyes,  
So I wouldn't know...  
Instead of the ones I see you through now,  
But I can't, so I stare and I think, and  
I wonder.

How the worn expressions got there, and  
why now when the crack-ed shards of  
glass catch my life,  
Now that I've grown,  
How those same etchings are carved on mine,  
Around my tired eyes?

And then when wondering again, whether  
you laughed or cried,  
You slept and said goodnight,  
And I could see and understand,

And sleep too...

And dream about being young one time,  
And playing with my broken toys.





**SCHOOL DAYS**  
**Bobbie Eagle**

## Sweet Dreams, Angel

*First Place*

Sherry Jones

The telephone's ringing was an unwelcome intrusion into the night, breaking our silence into a thousand shards reflecting bits of dreams and pieces of reality mixing into an unreachable moment.

"Station nine, Cheryl," I mumbled, feigning coherence.

"Priority one," said Ronda, the EMS dispatcher. "I need you on the air right away."

I shook off the last bits of sleep and called out to my partner in the bunk beside me. "Bob, priority one. Ronda sounds a little edgy -- we'd better move it."

Sometimes the dispatchers have to use creative management skills when the crews on twenty-four hour shifts rebel at being allowed only a few minutes of sporadic and often interrupted sleep. Working a double, this had been one of those shifts; we were trying to grab a quick nap and hadn't had time for lunch or dinner. Company policy dictated that we had three minutes to get into the ambulance and report on the air. Instead of using out time to freshen up, we each popped a piece of chewing gum into our mouths and immediately headed out the door. We assumed that Ronda was in a 'mood,' and didn't want to incur any further wrath -- we still had ten of the forty-eight hours left to work.

"Alpha 255 is on the air."

"255, priority one for Dearborn Park. Take northbound Southfield ramp to I-94 westbound. Child hit by a van. Your D-card number is 3472, time of call 2209h."

"255 copies."

We now understood the edginess in Ronda's otherwise calm voice. The 'big three' in dreaded EMS calls are those involving family members, friends, and children. Normally, I drove and Bob navigated, but this was a race against time. Bob jumped in the driver's seat and I hopped in the back to set up the advanced life support equipment. We knew before we pulled the ambulance out of the bay that when a pedestrian takes on a motor vehicle, the vehicle usually wins.

"Spike two lines, normal saline and lactated ringers," yelled Bob over his shoulder, straining to be heard over the screaming sirens. I knew what to do, but Bob's calling out orders and my responding as I completed each step began the process of communication that was vital to our success as a team. "Pull out the drug box and set up the (cardiac) monitor. Don't prepare the paddles or leads until we see how big this kid is."

I hung the bags, though it seemed to take an interminable amount of time; my hands felt big and especially clumsy as I tried to pull the packaging open and bleed the IV lines. The overhead strobe lights cast eerie red intermittent bursts inside the patient compartment, ticking off the seconds in our patient's 'golden hour.' It triggered an almost comical mental image: a wino, sitting in a cheap hotel room, was chain smoking cigarettes with eyes transfixed on a small black and white TV screen. In this image, a red 'hotel' sign flashed just outside his window, giving momentary peeks, in the red, smoky glow, of his reality. At that particular moment, my own reality was just as undesirable.

"Both bags are hung, the tape is ripped and hanging on the overhead bar. Catheters are in a box on the bench near with the pulse oximeter, and the oxygen is on. Do you want the intubation kit left in the jump kit or opened and set up back here?"

"Leave it in the jump kit," said Bob. "We might have to tube him on the ground."

It was hard for me to monitor the radio communications from the back, so I asked Bob if the fire department was on scene: "affirmative." We knew that if fire-rescue workers were already there, they would stabilize our patient and perform whatever basic life support measures necessary. The fire trucks were a welcome sight as we rounded the curve toward the accident.

It isn't our job to judge patients or their circumstances, but that level of professionalism is extremely difficult to maintain when you see something like severe trauma to a child. You can't help wondering what prompted him to be in such a dangerous place, especially at night...and where on earth were his parents? Taking a look at our patient, it didn't seem as though anyone would ever have the opportunity to question his judgment, or take away some privilege as punishment for his playing in traffic. He was paying a pretty big price for what was probably an impulsive act. Instead of worrying about the things that normally concern kids -- like cool clothes and catching something awesome on the tube -- this kid was struggling to breathe.

The fire department rescue crew had already applied MAST pants (to stabilize lower extremity fractures), and secure our patient to a long backboard. He appeared to be about eleven years old, blonde hair, about five feet tall,



maybe ninety-five pounds. There were multiple abrasions on his head and face, matting that blonde hair into bloody clumps, with bruising around both eyes. Blood oozed out of the boy's nose and mouth, staining the cervical collar around his neck. He was in labored, agonal respirations as we approached.

Bob checked for pulses, and found a faint radial pulse at a rate of about thirty. The boy's pupils were fixed and dilated, his skin cool and pale, and his lungs were already filling with fluid. We popped an oral airway in his mouth and began bagging with one-hundred percent oxygen. Lifting him onto our stretcher, we welcomed him into our world: a guaranteed, miracle making, emergency room on wheels. Prayers administered copiously at no extra charge.

After loading, we again checked pulses. Finding absent pulses, and confirming that the boy was not breathing, Bob muttered an expletive and called for CPR to begin. A rescue worker jumped in the front seat to drive. While the firefighters on board continued compressions and bag-valve-mask ventilations, we got the intubation equipment ready. A "quick look" on the cardiac monitor showed an AMF rhythm (Adios, Mother F'r), also known as asystole -- flatline. Firefighters continued CPR with hyperventilations while Bob intubated and I looked for an IV site.

The firefighters had already cut the boy's rather thick coat sleeve. I assumed they had prepared an opening for me to start the line and grabbed the boy's arm with both hands to look for a good vein. The upper arm bent quickly in half like a rag doll's, mid-shaft. Apparently, his humerus had sustained a complete fracture, and the arm bent grotesquely and flopped off to the side. I took a deep breath, grabbed my medic shears, and exposed the other arm. Finding an acceptable, vein, I muttered an audible and brief prayer -- something to the effect of, "dear God, please let me get this first try," - - and popped a needle into his right antecubital vein. I taped the line down as Bob secured his tube, and started preparing the drugs while Bob established a second line in the left external jugular vein.

Things moved smoothly and efficiently, like a well-rehearsed movie scene. It felt like an aberration of time, as sound and movements achieved a slowing distortion. Our on-scene and enroute times would later prove to be exceptionally brief, but it felt as though we were there for eons. In spite of our perceptual conflicts, we did manage to get weak pulses back after pushing the epinephrine and atropine. The monitor showed an ever-hopeful sinus tach at a rate of 120, but it didn't last.

We pushed all the appropriate drugs and performed our protocols flawlessly, but the boy, whose name we later learned was Scott, died shortly after arriving at the hospital. His skull exhibited profound crepitation, and

his abdomen was rigid and distended with spilled blood. My partner wrote the report as I cleaned our rig with 'big orange' to replace the smell of blood with a more socially acceptable citrus scent. When we had both finished, I went back into the room and held onto Scott's cold foot for a moment, trying one last time to will life back into him. Our training concentrates on producing positive results and saving lives. Nobody ever told us what to do when our advanced skills and expensive toys don't work.

Bob and I didn't talk about Scott, or the call, except to critique procedures performed. There was nothing we could have done additionally or differently, but the boy died. I reminded myself that God performs miracles in His time, and on whom He decides to confer them. Scott just wasn't to be a recipient. My partner and I finished our shift and went home.

I spent the next several hours cuddled up with my daughter. I phoned my son and told him I loved and missed him. The ambulance call, every detail perfectly preserved -- a video without end -- played itself continuously in my head. It was like a song that keeps repeating itself in your consciousness, getting louder and louder, and you can't escape from it regardless of how hard you try. My heart raced and I couldn't take one of those deep, cleansing breaths that reduce stress and offer some measure of relief. There was no relief. There was no return to normalcy.

Sometimes, in a hidden corner of the mind, there exists a place removed from reality. Darkness and the images that saturate the senses reaffirm an individual's powerlessness; these images are beyond the point of chosen exposure or experience. I spent the next forty-eight hours unable to eat or sleep, reliving the violation with its unrelenting intrusive thoughts in the aftermath of the trauma. As the second night filled with a darkness devoid of mercy, and the line between rational and irrational thought turned into a chasm leading to an emotional abyss, I reached out for help.

Mark is a good friend who holds a degree in psychology. When I called him, a friend of his answered the phone, telling me that Mark had just stepped out. "This is Cheryl. It's nothing important, really, not a matter of life or death. Well, I guess it is about life and death, but it's no big deal. Just tell Mark I said hi."

He called back within minutes.

"What's going on?"

"I had a bad call. We picked up a kid who had been FUBAR'd (F'd Up Beyond All Recognition) by a van. I don't know what the deal is because I've been doing this for five years, and nothing has ever really bothered me before, but I can't eat or sleep or turn it off, and it just keeps rolling around in my head..."

"All right. First of all, I have a lot of respect for what you do. I could never do it. What you do and what you see out there are not the normal things that people see, or should see. Tell me what happened."

Relating the call in elaborate detail -- with the images so firmly imprinted I could effortlessly rattle them off -- I told Mark what happened. I still couldn't catch my breath, and the room seemed to swim as I visited the place again. My senses relived their experience; the smell of exhaust and blood, the bits of glass crunching under my boots, the controlled panic in the eyes of the emergency workers as they fought so desperately against our common enemy -- death. Feelings of inadequacy mounted, accompanied by the urgent desire to quit my job. I wanted to never have to go back, never face another parent who hands you their dead baby, or have to wonder, as you race against time to a scene, what you will find. There was a wave of understanding beginning to flow over me. The medics I worked with had told, in their most private moments, of a desire to have the power of God, just once, to reinflate a soul with life in the middle of senseless tragedy.

Mark listened patiently. After I had answered all of his questions, he asked the one that opened the door of my prison. "What was different about this call?" It took a few minutes to understand his question. I had seen a lot of people in pieces, handled drowning victims, offered comfort and understanding to those who faced a loss of dignity and sanity. I'd been the recipient of projectile vomitus, and perceived as a hero and then scorned, all in the same day. What was different about this particular call was not the call itself.

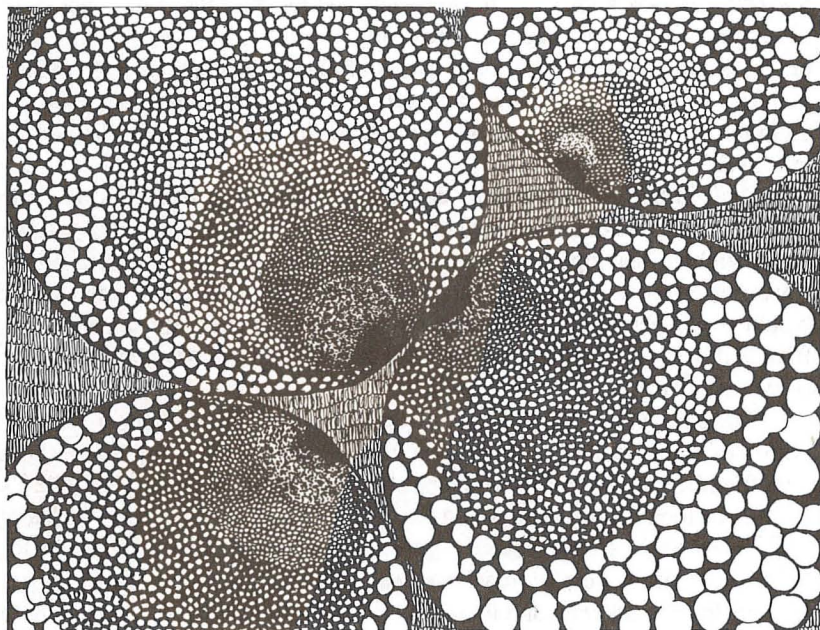
I was in the middle of some demanding personal problems. That same day, my ex-husband had stormed out of the house, refusing to watch our ten year daughter, leaving her to fend for herself. At work and far from home, I was powerless to care for her, and hoped that the neighbor she was visiting would see to her safety. I assumed she was safe, as she rode her bike with friends down our quiet streets, but I couldn't justify that assumption. There is no safe place.

The anger at my situation and the realization of the parallel between the family of the dead child and my own became clear. Scott's mother left him with friends, trusting that he would be all right. I was with this other mother's child as he took his last breaths and died before my eyes. Where was *my* child during this time? I remembered suppressing a horrible fear as I fought for Scott's life: another medic may have been cutting *my* daughter's coat sleeve, looking for a good vein, and trying to will life into her lifeless form. Would



they have mourned her loss? I could feel Mark's hand leading me gently out of the darkness. I cried for Scott and his family, prayed for their strength through each coming day, and felt a release as I let him go.

My daughter was upstairs in her bed, asleep. After hanging up the phone, I stood over her and just watched for a while; her breathing was deep and even, her face as sweet and innocent as a newborn's. Thanking God for her, and for Mark's kindness, I climbed into her bed and wrapped my arms around her. Tucking her warm feet between mine and whispering, "*sweet dreams, angel!*" into her ear, I drifted off to sleep.



**BEE HIVE**  
Loretta DeStefanis

# I Knew What Love Was

*First Place Tie*

Cindy Kirkpatrick

I knew what love was when you held me up high,  
so high I thought I could reach the sky,

I knew what love was when I had long blonde locks,  
and looked up as you helped me build with my blocks,

I knew what love was when I wore bobbysocks,  
and you put me to bed by eight o'clock,

I knew what love was when I got my first car,  
driving off watching in the rear view mirror as you waved from afar,

I knew what love was when I walked down the aisle,  
turning my head and watched as you gave me that sweet smile,

I knew what love was when my first child was born,  
you came into the room looking weary and worn,

I knew what love was when I was sick and couldn't smile,  
you came in took my hand and told me it would be all right in awhile,

but I think you knew what love was when you were in bed,  
barely able to lift up your head,  
you looked at me and gave me that smile,  
it was my turn to say it would be all right in awhile,

but then again I think we both knew what love was all the while.

this poem is dedicated to my mom, who died on October 4, 1994.



**GRANDMA'S PORCH**  
Yen-Ling Mulholland



# Vampires: The Enduring Fear

## *Second Place*

Karen V. Galbraith

As the sun goes down and the moon begins to rise, an eerie darkness falls upon a lonely crypt. Inside, the body of a Romanian count rises from its coffin to greet the night. He is dressed all in black to match the color of his demon heart. His skin is ghostly white, and his hair is the color of cold steel. From his fingertips, long talons protrude, and razor sharp fangs emerge from between dark red lips. An irrepressible thirst for human blood swells within his very being. This craving must be appeased. It is time to hunt.

This could be a scene from any one of, literally, hundreds of vampire stories. Throughout history, such tales have captivated, entertained, and, at one time or another, frightened all of us. Belief in these creatures of the night has endured for centuries. How is it that in a world where newer, more imaginative monsters are created in Hollywood every day, vampires continue to chill us? To answer this question, it is necessary to understand the origin of the vampire.

Vampires can be traced back to Greek and Roman mythology, where they were called lamia. The ancient Chinese knew them as ch'iang-shih, and in India, they were known as vetalas (Reader's Digest 432). Nowhere, however, did these demonic creatures fire the imagination of mankind as they did in Central Europe. There, vampires were called by many names. Nosferatu, wampyr, and vurculac were their most common titles.

The first mention of vampires in Eastern Europe came from old Bulgaria in the tenth century; however, it was not until the eighteenth century that the fear of vampires took the continent by storm. As thousands of people died each week from plague and tuberculosis, the legends of vampires, as we know them today, were born. Superstition grew out of medical ignorance and the fear of death.

With the coming of the nineteenth century, the plague began to lose steam, as did the vampire hysteria. But old myths die hard, and in 1847, vampires were spotted in Paris and London; however, this time, they were not in the shadows stalking new victims. They could be found in the windows of bookstores, when Varney the Vampire made his debut in a book called Feast of Blood. Varney was followed by many other horror novels in which vampires starred. Alexander Dumas, author of The Three Musketeers,

is said to have written one such book. But the one enduring tale to come out of this era remains a classic today and is touted as the basis for modern man's ideological vampire. In 1847, Bram Stoker, an Irish writer, released the novel entitled Dracula.

Stoker based his character on a real figure from Romanian history. Vlad the Impaler ruled as prince of Walachia, a region in the Carpathian Mountains, from 1456 to 1462. Because of his sadistic cruelty to his enemies and subjects alike, he was thought to be the minion of the devil. His father was known as Vlad Dracul because of his membership in the Fraternal Order of the Dracul, or dragon. Dracula, literally translated, means son of the dragon (Kirtly 11).

Stoker's book was an immediate success. The people of Europe seemed to have an insatiable appetite for the creatures. It wasn't long before the vampire found a new milieu. Motion pictures brought these beasts to life in a way that people had never seen before. In 1926, the first vampire movie was shown in theaters throughout London. It was based on Dracula, but, because the film company was unable to buy the rights to the book, it had to be called Nosferatu. The vampire was portrayed as a demon-like creature. People were so frightened by his appearance that some ran from the theater screaming; others fainted in their seats. The love affair between the vampires and the silver screen had begun.

It wasn't long before Hollywood cashed in on America's lust for terror. In 1931, Bela Lugosi, a little known Hungarian actor, was cast in the title role of Dracula. He went on to do a series of sequels to the film, though none were as successful. When he died in 1956, he was buried in the flowing, black cloak he had made famous in his role as the Count from Transylvania.

Many other famous actors followed Lugosi's lead. Boris Karloff, Christopher Lee, Lon Chaney Jr., and John Carradine all donned the black cape and ivory fangs more than once. For a while during the late sixties and early seventies, the public began to seek out more creative versions of the vampire. William Marshall starred as the first African-American vampire in a film called Blackula. But that wasn't enough for the masses, so Twentieth-Century created an adorable little boy vampire by the name of Eddie Munster. The people were not amused. The audiences demanded to be frightened, and Hollywood was happy to comply.

Vampires found their way into every aspect of the industry. During its run, Dark Shadows was the highest rated soap opera on television. Barnabas Collins could be found in nearly every home in America. But Hollywood

didn't stop there. Soon, vampires were on sit-coms, in variety show skits and, oh, the shame of it all, cartoons. Scooby Doo, Bugs Bunny and Fred Flintstone even had run-ins with the creatures.

These ferocious phantoms have been shown in many different forms. In Salem's Lot, the vampire was portrayed as a hideous beast with a green complexion and pointed ears. Then, in a remake of Dracula, Frank Langella showed us the exact opposite. He was a handsome, debonair vampire to whom women gladly succumbed. George Hamilton made them look more human when he fell head over heels in love with Susan St. James in the comedy movie, Love At First Bite. The film Lost Boys starred Kieffer Sutherland and Corey Haim as teenage blood suckers who stalked their victims in southern California. Recently, Tom Cruise, a two time Academy Award nominee, joined the ranks when he accepted the role of Lestat de Lioncourt in the movie version of Anne Rice's Interview with the Vampire.

Whether or not we believe in the existence of vampires, one thing is clear. The dark dwellers are more popular today than they have ever been. People seem to like being frightened as long as they are able to maintain some control over whatever is frightening them. There is evidence of this phenomenon all around us. Taller, faster roller coasters have the longest lines at amusement parks; bungee jumping platforms have begun to appear in shopping mall parking lots, and thousands of people continue to pack the movie theaters to see the pearly fangs of the vampire sinking into the throat of a victim. Horror novels are sold by the thousands everyday. All of these, though frightening, are somewhat safe. We know the risks and are able to walk away if we want to do so.

The vampire's appeal may be a reflection of the anxieties we face as a result of the random violence in society. The reanimated corpses transcend death, which most of us fear. Although they are an evil force, they must adhere to clear-cut rules, so we are able to protect ourselves against them. The effect of the vampire is like that of a nightmare. One cannot touch a nightmare, or weigh it, or measure it, but we can't deny the fear it provokes in us. Vampires set off an alarm inside us that is inaudible to the conscious mind, but rings out loud and clear in the sub-conscious. And being, at least a little bit, afraid of the dark, maybe, isn't such a bad thing.

Vampires do not discriminate against race, sex, or religion. Whether flesh and blood or not, vampires, like the legend, are immortal. They will live forever, if only between the pages of books and on the silver screen. Their alluring charm will continue to hypnotize, entertain and scare us, hopefully for centuries to come. If you do believe they are real, you need not fear them. They can only come in your house if you invite them. Also,

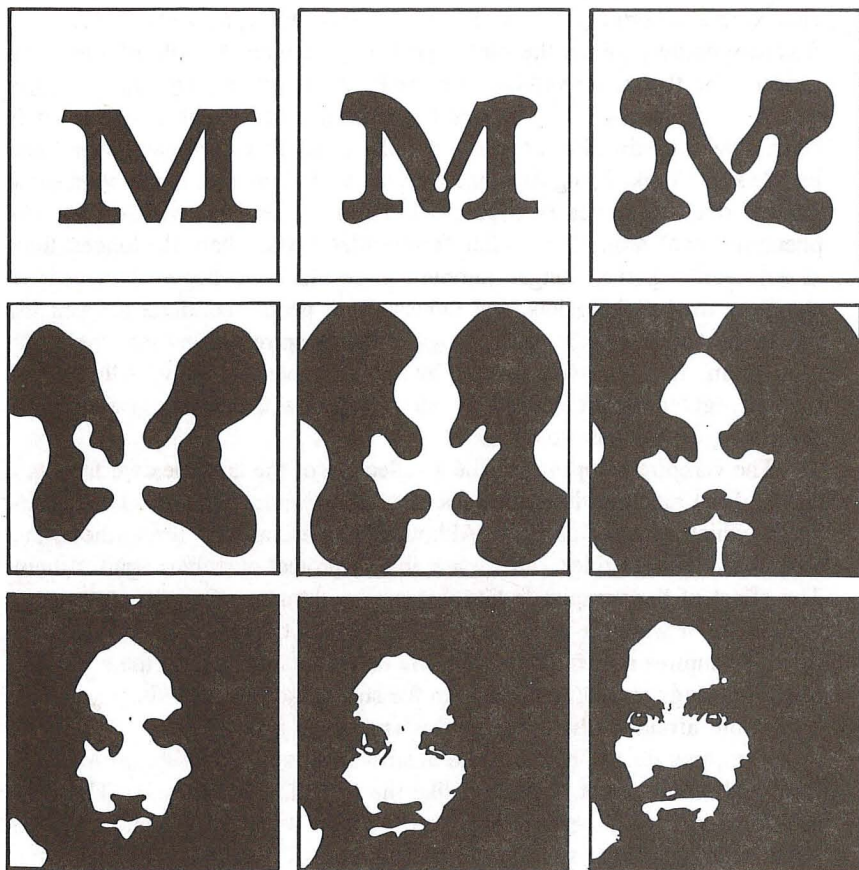


if you like Italian food, you're pretty safe, but, if you don't, be careful in choosing whom you neck with in the dark. The vampire's kiss can last an eternity.

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**"M" IS FOR "FAMILY MAN," SON.**

**Jason Muxlow**

## Matted Hair

Audrey Roddy

You can't hide ol' girl.  
It's all obvious now.  
You can't pass it off now.  
It's all to plain.

White face  
Blue eyes  
Matted hair

Stop hidin' in the sun ol' girl.  
It offers you no explanation.

Yo Momma done been hangin with the  
homeboys and she brought you up from the hood.

White face  
Blue eyes  
Matted hair

You may live in the ivory palace of the north.  
Where every drink is milky white, and no chocolate mix allowed.  
But yo daddy was found in the servants  
quarters of the south, with his pimp hat on.

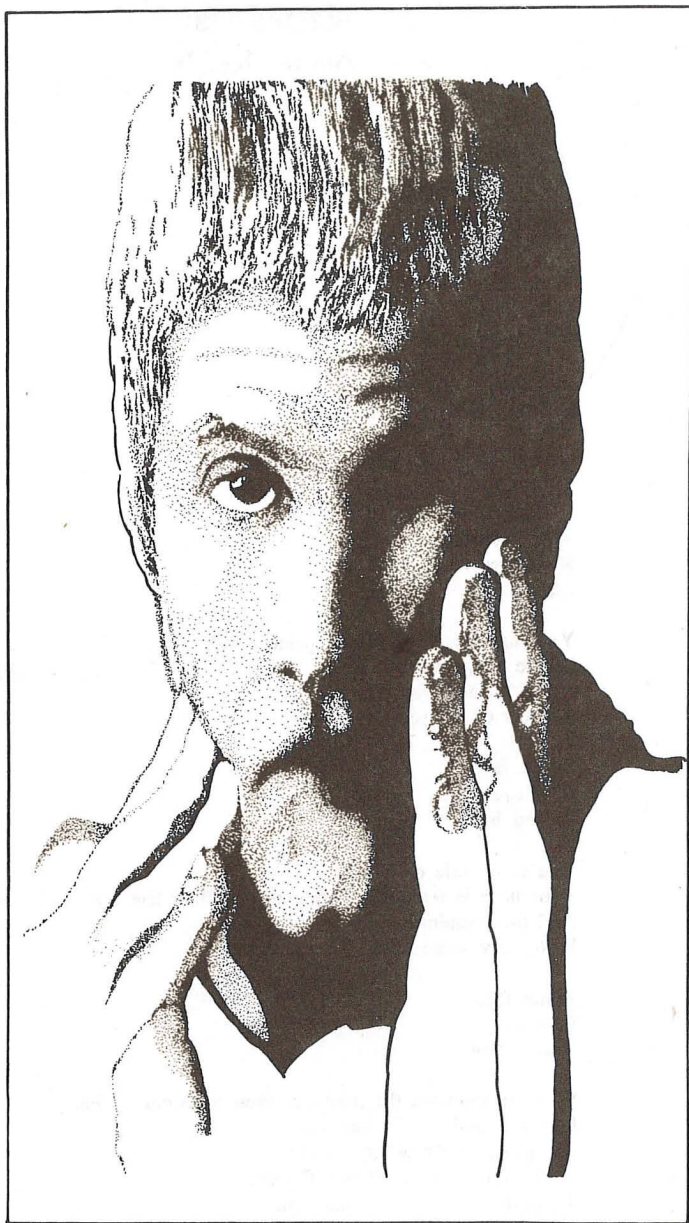
White face  
Blue eyes  
Matted hair

You can't hide ol' girl.  
Your nose is much too wide and your hair has too much curl.  
And the roundness of those hips,  
Well, they stone cold bust your cover.

White face  
Blue eyes  
Matted hair

Why not embrace the inevitable you have got to feel it.  
It is the rhythm of a nation.  
The glory of the African coast.  
It's the crown of a Nubian Queen.  
IT, is the essence of a black man.

Matted hair



**I BEASTIE**  
**Jimmie W. Hanes III**



## My Brother, My Hero

Carolyn Kramp

We were just sitting down to dinner when the phone rang. For a change, dinner was on time, all four of the kids were sitting at the table, and now, chaos would reign once I picked up the phone.

I considered not answering it, but something compelled me not to ignore the ringing. "Hello?" I said, trying not to sound exasperated. "Hi," came from the other end. It was my second eldest brother. He is eight years older than myself, has his Ph.D. in Pharmacy, and I have always looked up to him. "Are you busy?" he asked with a strained tone in his voice. "We're just having dinner," I said, "but that's okay, what's up?" I figured dinner could wait. "Well...are you alone, I mean, are you somewhere you can talk?" He said it so solemnly. My stomach bottomed out and I felt like someone was squeezing my heart until it hurt and I couldn't breathe. I just knew something had happened to my mother. Then he dropped his bombshell. "I've been taking codeine from the pharmacy. I was confronted today. I'm over to the Vale Center in Lapeer for drug and alcohol rehab. I don't know if I'll have my license revoked or not!!" He managed to get this out before he broke down. I told him "I love you and I'm here for you, whatever you need." My mind was reeling trying to comprehend all that he was telling me. He then went on to tell me everything that had happened.

I know this had to be a hard call for him to make as I had been married to an alcoholic/addict for fifteen years and he knows my opinion of drinking alcohol and taking drugs. I knew first hand the things that he began to tell me about himself. For years I had been aware that my brother had a "drinking problem"; a nice euphemism for an alcoholic, but his codeine addiction blew me away. After all, he is a pharmacist; he knows better! Being educated about alcoholism, I know that alcohol is a drug. An alcoholic and an addict are synonymous, but I didn't like to think of my brother in those terms. Society likes certain labels better than others and being an alcoholic is more socially acceptable than being an addict. Somehow, I believed that I was above that type of thinking; I wasn't. I shouldn't have been shocked, but I was.

I was to be shocked several more times over the next few weeks. During his stay in 'the unit' I visited him twice a week and learned more about myself than I ever thought I would. He was so totally honest and open about his feelings that at first I was uncomfortable. I hadn't had much honesty and openness in my marriage and I didn't know how to handle this. I felt that I

should be looking over my shoulder to see who could be listening. It was then that I realized I had a mighty big problem of my own. I hadn't dealt with my feelings of anger, hurt and rejection from the disillusionment of my marriage like I thought I had.

My brother told me what an alcoholic/addict is like and the differences between an alcoholic/addict and the non-alcoholic/non-addict. He didn't speak in the third person, but referred to himself as the addict, "All I had to do to feel better was grab a bottle of cough syrup with codeine, take a swig and sit back. I felt great, but I didn't think about how I spoke or acted. It didn't matter; I had become superman." He said, "The difference between an alcoholic and a non-alcoholic is that alcohol turns the alcoholic into someone else; he isn't real." He told me what a con-artist an addict is and how they can lie so straight-faced you'd never know they weren't telling the truth. He told me about this thing called a 'God complex'. A God complex allows the addict to justify any action against or any mistreatment of another, but most of all they can hide their real feelings and fears from the world.

The addict decides if what everyone else does is good enough or if everyone else is smart enough, but everything they do is acceptable because they are what they are -- better than the rest of the world. They are quick to blame others for any of their faults and they have difficulty in relationships. They are extremely jealous, constantly find fault with others and have a pessimistic outlook on life.

I was deluged by floods of memories. I couldn't believe my brother was comparing himself to my ex-husband! I thought of how many times my ex-husband had accused me of having an affair, of clocking the mileage on my car, of timing me when I went grocery shopping, of trying to catch me in a lie that didn't exist. I remembered the numerous times he blamed me for something I hadn't done as I stood open-mouthed trying to figure out what I had done wrong. I remembered the years I spent trying to do something right that would please him and nothing ever did. I remembered the hurtful names he would call our children and the lost looks on their faces. I remembered when I stopped loving him and starting hating him for all the tears and all the pain. And I silently screamed, "my brother isn't like that!"

Sadly, anyone can be an addict. There is no exclusiveness to be a member of the club. Rich or poor, black or white or red or yellow, male or female, addiction knows no boundaries. It is so insidious. Addicts lose their friends and families because of the way they mistreat them. They lose their jobs because of bad attitudes and poor job performance. They lose their lives because they choose to believe they are a god and can do anything and don't need anyone.

Thankfully, my brother and many others have found a way to deal with their addictions. They have confronted themselves with total honesty. They don't like what they see and they want to change the way they live. The help is called Alcoholics Anonymous. I have seen the results of the aid they offer to anyone who wants it. Christ tells us, "Knock and the door will be opened, ask and it will be given to you." It isn't easy, but the addict has to knock on the door and ask for help; he is the one that must take the first step. No one else can do it for him.

Sobriety brings with it a light that is sometimes blinding in its brightness, but it is a light that cannot be ignored. Through counseling and soul searching, my brother is on the road to recovery and happier than he has ever been in his life. One of his goals is to become a beacon for others like himself; to be an example of how far you can fall, but through faith and trust in God, you can always get back up.

It takes grit to live with an addiction and not give in to it; every day is a struggle in recovering the lost years of your life. It takes courage, tremendous honesty and humility to stand up and say 'I am an alcoholic'. It takes fortitude to accept total responsibility and not try to blame others for wrong actions taken. It takes strength of character for someone who denied the reality of God to say, "God and God alone is the source of my strength and my help." All of this makes a very special person. I was overjoyed to learn how special my brother is -- he is my hero.



**HUH?**  
**Tony Fallarme**



**Equality**  
*Second Place*  
Gina Maria Tucker

Equality  
Man=woman  
Black=white

But we highlight our differences in bold face print  
And this, we believe, will balance the scale

On a podium we preach  
"UNFAIR"

Equal rights because I am a woman and I conceived you and I'm black  
And you treated me wrong  
And I'm above you  
And above me is one man -

God

"God is a woman"  
"God is a dog"  
"God is dead"  
"I don't believe in God"

TO HELL WITH YOU

And who are you to judge?

What I say/what you say  
It's a matter of opinion and yours is wrong

Ours isn't the Earth and everything in it  
We are included in the everything

Just because we can build Mc Donald's signs taller  
than Mt. Everest  
And invent cars, planes, and televisions  
Does not mean we are the highest form of life

Nor does it entitle us to experiment with animals  
Through torture or any other means

So we can enjoy exotic meals  
And luxurious beauty supplies

And condescend and disrespect life itself for the sake of medicine  
So we can live ten years more of the life we lead  
Between four walls  
In front of the t.v.  
Eating Dorito's  
And drinking coca-cola  
In the air-conditioning

Waiting for the dip with thirty seconds to go in the microwave

Wondering impatiently by the window  
When the hell it's going to rain  
Because our Chemlawn grass is beginning to crab

Yet we whine, "what an ugly day," when it comes.

We want what it's not and not what it's not.

Because everything is a straight line to us  
And we must be or we are confused

The sun, the moon, the earth -  
circles.

Rotate, revolve -  
in circles-cycles  
Menstrual cycle  
Day night Day night

Spring Summer Winter Fall  
Circles-cycles

Energy cannot be created or destroyed  
Only transformed

Therefore: birth to death to heaven or hell cannot be.  
It's birth death birth death birth death

The Earth is nature  
Nature is trees, birds, fish, mammals

Mammal=man  
So man=nature

Yet we continue to separate ourselves from nature  
Natural vs. Synthetic

But man-made=artificial  
Nature=man  
Man-made =Artificial  
Therefore  
Natural=Artificial

Because a plant produces a fruit and flower  
And a man produces Dorito's and televisions  
The fruit and Dorito's are natural because  
they are made by the products of the Earth

We cannot grasp this concept

Because we are the smartest  
Highest form of life

Technology -- the panacea  
Quicker, Efficient, Bigger, Faster  
"COME ON, I DON'T HAVE ALL DAY"  
My "soap" is on

The simpler we make life  
The more difficult and complex it becomes

We fight for peace and hate for equality



We are all equal  
Man to man  
Man to nature  
Nature to Earth  
Earth to man

We -- the ocean the sun the trees and the animals  
Are composed of the same substances

And those substances are energy transformed  
Into shapes-circles

Equality

We are a sympatico  
Give and take  
A cycle a circle

The cycle of give and take

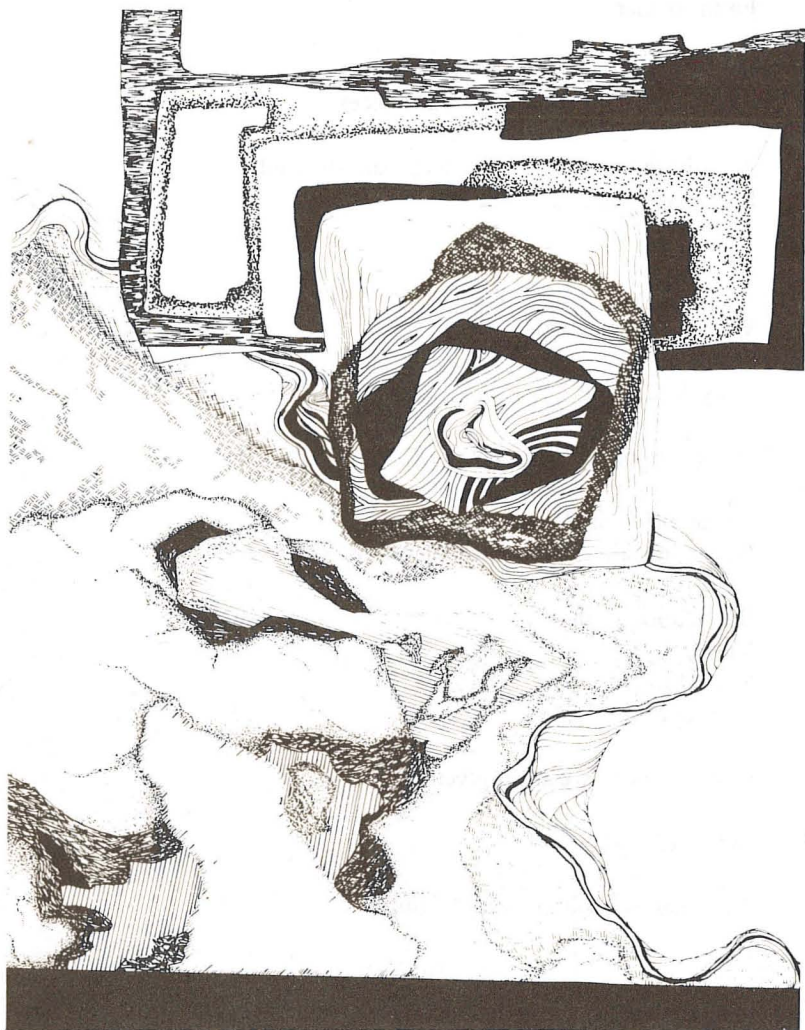
Let us be reminded of our equality  
By finding the ways in which we are all alike

But rejoice in the  
Variety  
The differences  
The diversity

Of the energy we were given

INDIVIDUALLY

That makes us all so very unequal



**RISING ABOVE**  
Renee Miri

## To Build a Fire ... Lesson Two

### *First Place*

James McCulloch

### **Part One of the Series: How to Get Grounded... Fast!**

Few things in life symbolize and provide moments of reflection as do a body of water or a blazing campfire. Rivers, lakes, and oceans often serve as metaphors for each person's life. For some a lake or ocean may bring back fond memories of days spent on the beach or a fishing trip with grandpa. The list could go on and on, but, for me fire serves as greater significance in my life. It represents a source of heat and warmth in our family's fireplace on a frigid day. It is what I have gathered around countless times with loved ones to roast hot dogs. Still, fire has even deeper meanings for me beyond my own memories. It fascinates me. In fact, during my sophomore year in high school, I became so enchanted with fire that I became very obsessed with creating fires. Unfortunately, an obsession such as this is a little more hazardous to one's health than being obsessed with finding rare Indian pottery in your back yard.

Both the setting and the characters in this tale are very, very important. The setting: Autumn, leaves *burning* in the air, November the nineteenth, my PARENTS' ANNIVERSARY. The characters: myself, my parents, Don and Liz, my brother Tim, and my two younger twin brothers, the tattletales...I mean Jon and Joe. I almost forgot to mention the most important details of the setting. *It was a dark and stormy night, and the wind moaned as it blew through the eerie forest.*

It was the big night. My parents were going to leave me in charge of the house. They did not need to contact a baby-sitter because *I WAS A TENTH GRADER*. They could leave the house knowing that they could depend on me to keep things in order. My brothers were given their orders to listen and respect me because I was in charge. With this understanding, my parents soon left, and my brothers and I were relieved to have a night free from parents. The two snitches, what I really meant was the twins, and Tim quickly went to their rooms to play. I was left all alone and *BORED*.



Do you know what it is like to be truly bored? It is torture. One begins to panic. There I was, trapped in my house and forced to watch the *Care Bears' Movie*. I needed some relief! My mind began playing tricks on me. At first, I could simply not remember my own name. I soon saw spots, and the room began spinning around. I knew I was in tremendous trouble when I began singing Tiny Tim's all-time classic "Tiptoe Through the Tulips." I knew then that I was going mad! The noise from all of this confusion was unbearable. Then, it all stopped.

All was silent.

I remember hearing those strange voices. I could not determine, at first, where these voices were coming from. It strangely seemed that they were coming from the utility cupboard. I opened the door to the cupboard and stood in awe. There, before my very own eyes, were hundreds upon hundreds of matches and aerosol cans chanting in unison, "Free us! Free the flame!"

At that moment, I knew what my destiny in life was to be. I was to become the creator of an aerosol flame.

I needed to display this talent to the world. First, I would demonstrate this marvel to my brothers. I called them into assembly in the kitchen. In the kitchen, nothing could catch on fire that easily. Safety first is always my rule. Before I began, I made my brothers swear upon the glorious can of insect repellent that they would not tell a soul about the miraculous sight that they were about to see. I knew my parents would not understand what this event meant to me. They would only rattle off some silly speech about responsibilities and the safety of my brothers. What is so dangerous about a little bit of science lab?

The show began. My brothers gazed in wonderment as I lit the first match. I carefully aimed the can at the sink and created the ever-famous aerosol flame. My brothers stood and cheered me on to an encore performance. I could not break their little hearts. After all, I am a family man. So I repeated the whole process once again. This time my brothers leapt to their feet as if they had just watched the Detroit Tigers win the World Series. I decided one grand finale would not hurt anything. So I lit the third and final match and created that awesome sight, but a slight problem occurred this time.

Anyone acquainted with the deodorant can relate to the frustrating feeling one feels when he or she has almost emptied the entire can. Before it is entirely emptied, an aerosol can will spray out in spurts. The can I was holding suddenly spurted, releasing a greater amount of fire than usual. This created a small problem for this once happy household.

*Sinks are not flammable. Windows will not catch fire from a small blaze. Marble sills do catch fire.*

Still, it is a scientific fact that curtains and plastic window screens can catch fire. The problem here was that the curtains and exposed window screen were directly and improperly located above the sink, and unfortunately, they were now in a beautiful bouquet of fire. Truthfully, this was rather exciting, but it was a bit smoky and well...smelly.

### SUMMARY OF CURRENT PROBLEMS:

- #1-The fact that such an act of creating fire had been committed.
- #2-The onlookers, alias the tattletales, big mouths, and snitches.
- #3-The most obvious problem-part of the kitchen was now doing its impression of a campfire.

I quickly grabbed a huge container of water and doused the kitchen. Then in the midst of this mess, all I could see were lights...those lights being the headlights of my parents' car as they drove into the driveway.

I stood frozen in place. Now it was my turn to do an impersonation, one of a criminal about to be sentenced. My brothers had fled this troubled land. What was there for me to say at this point?

**Lies, lots of lies, and more lies.**

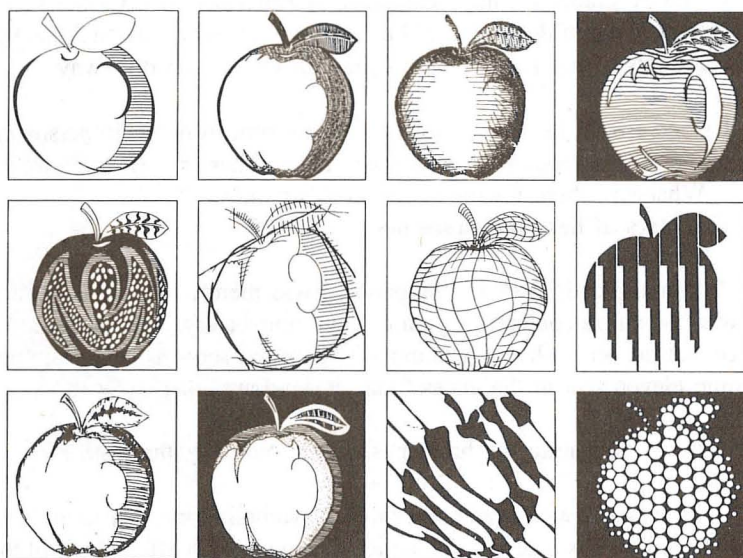
"Mom and dad," I said. "Surprise!! I was merely lighting a candle by the window sill in commemoration of your anniversary. The screen? I did notice that the screen had a hole in it. You know raccoons have been noted to jump eleven feet in the air and tear at windows...or maybe it was..."

After interrogating my brothers the next morning, the truth came out.

Following this experience, fire came to symbolize only one thing for me, trouble. Still, I was able to enjoy a nice relaxing month off from all of those hectic parties and youth group activities. In addition, I was able to provide

our family with a new window screen, but the best things were all of the presents I received from my friends. I received three copies of Billy Joel's "We didn't Start the Fire."

Still, even with all of these wonderful and undeserved benefits that I received, my fire-creating days have come to an end. Even though I once viewed fire as magical mysterious power, that experience changed my mind. Fire represents nothing more than plain trouble to me. I have also noticed that even my own family have changed their outlook on fires since I nearly burned our house down. This would explain why they still never ask me to build a fire.



**APPLES: VARIATION I**  
Trent Ter Harr



**-Poet Tree-  
for a.b.  
Scott Zobl**

From my yard staring south as far as I can see  
Hidden among the living horizon grows a special tree  
Sometimes I wander through the deaf crowd of corn  
I can always find my way along the path I've worn  
I politely avoid the dark green masses of perfect pine  
Don't need the company of conifers and they don't need mine  
Their static branches discourage one from wanting to say much  
And their needles keep one from getting close enough to touch  
I follow the path and approach a familiar cluster of elm  
Day after day I once enjoyed exploring in their realm  
They don't notice as I pass and for a moment I reminisce  
They're wrapped up in the shade of their leaves and photosynthesis  
I stop and visit with the wild fruit trees just past the fallen oak  
They're seasoned with nourishment but always sprout a joke  
Further down the trail a sassafras stands with audacity  
Bearing friendly, spiritual, conventional insight-unique diversity  
Just around the bend will be the end of my search  
There I will be able to rest in the shade of the birch  
The controversial contrast created is quite a sight  
When the forest decided on brown and gray this tree opted for white  
Over the course of a season I've gained an immeasurable amount of trust  
So I carve many of my thoughts into the albino crust  
My creations are rarely pleasant and often misunderstood  
But this tree has never, ever made me feel like I am talking to wood  
I appreciate my pale friend for listening to me  
Not every poet is fortunate enough to have a poet tree

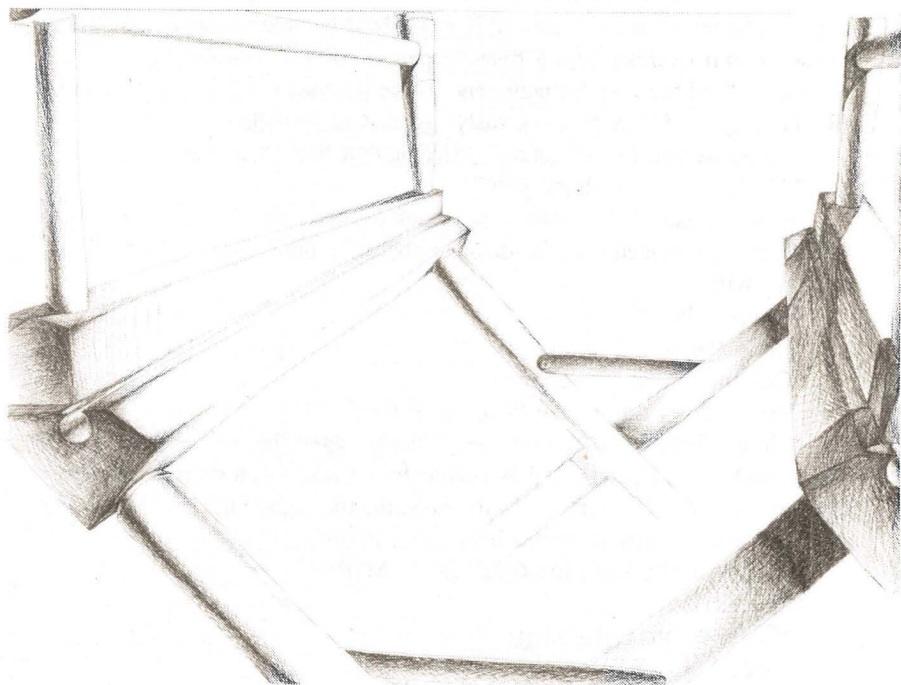


**OLD MAN OF THE WOOD**  
John K. Sexton

## Safety Pin

Scott Zobl

Closed,  
I am harmless to the touch.  
If pushed just right,  
I will open up.  
Exposed,  
Handle me with care.



**DIRECTOR VIEW**  
Shawn Kawa



## The Conquest

### *Second Place*

Gina Maria Tucker

As the plane taxied into the terminal he white-knuckled the armchair while his knees knocked uncontrollably. He hated planes, he hated flying, and because of the relentless blizzard and the turbulence, he vowed that he would never again get into another deathtrap that people call airplanes. Safe inside the airport he glanced through the windows to verify that the plane he flew in had both of its wings.

"Now I know why so many pilots are driven to drink!", he sneered, shaking off the chill that ran down his spine.

His friend, Scott, had called the day before to confirm all of the arrangements.

"I'll be working when your plane arrives so my neighbor will be there to pick you up. You can't miss this guy. He'll be wearing a red and black flannel, down overalls, and a hideous pair of silver moon-boots."

He spotted the man immediately. There he was, silver moon-boots and all, standing next to a beat-up, rusty, green Chevy pickup.

"I suppose you're the Yankee Scotty sent me to fetch at this here airport."

"Ah, I am sir, ah, thank you."

By the looks of the clothes and truck he determined that the old man had never experienced life outside of Fairbanks, where there is not much life to begin with.

"Andrew Jacobs, sir."

"Elmo Parsons."

"Call me Andy," he grinned.

Elmo did not return any friendly gesture.

A long silence ensued after Andy nearly ripped the truck's door off the hinges with his suitcase and skis. Meanwhile, Elmo toyed with the stubborn ignition. Finally, after nearly five minutes, the truck gave in and started. The awkward silence was shattered by Elmo's accusing inquisition.

"So I hear you boys are fixin' to ski McKinley."

"Yes sir."

"You're 'ware that's illegal?"

"Yeah."

"You know a long, dark winter's creeping up on us, and the ice and snow on that mountain want nothing but to shift to make room for more? Right now's prime time for an avalanche. Any sort of movement could trigger one. If anything was to happen to you boys up there, nobody'd be able to find yas in the dark."

Suddenly Andy felt as though he was auditioning for a defendant role on the television show 'Mattlock'.

"Scott and I have discussed that possibility sir."

"That there mountain's been there for millions of years. Skiing's been around for over a hundred. I've been around for nearly eighty-two of them years and I ain't never heard of no one more stupid than to ski Mt. McKinley."

The silence that was so uncomfortable the first time had returned. First, Elmo called him a Yankee, but then was demoted to "stupid Yankee."

As they rounded a bend on the highway the great mountain appeared in the distance.

"Denali!", Elmo shouted, making Andy jump out of his skin, "is what the Eskimos call it, meaning 'The great one'. You're lucky to be able to see her. She creates her own weather. Most the time she brews a snowstorm so furious that a wall o' mist blocks our view. Today she decided to rest."

The whole day and throughout the night the sky was red and grey from the dusk-like sunlight. There was plenty of light to see; nevertheless, the sun was preparing to disappear for approximately six months. The thought of sheer absence of heat made Andy burrow into his turtlenecked shirt.

The truck slid over a patch of ice and into the parking lot of the Moose Tracks pub where Scott was waiting for Andy. The engine, choking on at least two hundred thousand miles, sputtered into park Andy thanked Elmo for the ride.

"The passenger door only opens from the outside," Elmo hollered and shuffled into the pub.

"Well walk over here and open it," Andy whispered purposely so that Elmo could not hear. But then it dawned on him to roll down the window, and lift the lever, and let himself out. Andy wondered if Elmo was born so congenial or if it came from being in the cold weather.

Inside, Scott was waiting at a table with three women, a couple of coworkers, and Elmo. As usual he had everyone mesmerized by his charm and humor. Andy overheard him reciting the joke that he always used to impress women. When he broke the punchline everyone burst out laughing. That was when Scott noticed that Andy had entered the bar.

“Hey, you’re here!”

Scott and Andy were former roommates from the University of Colorado in Boulder. In the winter months they worked as ski instructors in Snowmass. At ages twenty-seven and twenty-eight respectively, they boasted that they had skied every mountain from Montana to California; however, their biggest dream was to ski Mt. McKinley, the tallest mountain in North America. But since so many things stood in their way of achieving their dream, they never counted on it becoming reality. Among the dangers, the mountain was mostly covered with ice. This made it undesirable for skiing. Furthermore, it was illegal to ski it because McKinley was notorious for snowstorms, drifts, and avalanches.

In 1993, Scott accepted a position as an accountant for three major fisheries in Fairbanks. Finally, after six months of planning, Scott sent Andy a plane ticket from Denver to Anchorage and a six hundred dollar gift certificate to purchase new ski equipment at the athletic shop in Boulder. Aside from the best of thermo gloves, a hat, and jacket, he had to order custom skis designed for skiing on icy terrain; all of which cost more than he cared to spend, even with the assistance of the voucher.

As the big trip neared, Andy felt as though he was about to live Scott’s dream, not his own. It was Scott’s idea, but if it were up to Andy, he would prefer to ski the relaxed, chartered slopes of Snowmass. Scott often forced Andy to ski the most difficult slopes by either pushing him off a cliff or threatening to send pictures of Andy and his girlfriend naked to Andy’s mom. Andy was also the one to end up with a broken leg or a dislocated shoulder. It was frustrating, but he wanted to live up to Scott. Scott was tall, strong, fearless, and brave, whereas Andy was meek and cursed with a scrawny body. Scott was everything that Andy wanted to be.

“Great to see ya’. How was the flight?”

Andy gave him that petrified look that Scott had seen so many times before.

Scott laughed, “say no more, brother,” then turned to his company. “Kelly, Anne, Linette, this is my best friend Andy.”

Just like usual, Scott introduced him only to the women and then excused himself as he escorted Andy to the bar by his arm.

“So ya’ ready pal? Nervous? Did Elmo scare you out of going?”



Andy knew that no matter what he wanted to do, Scott would drag him onto that mountain. With that in mind, he ordered three shots of Jack Daniels to help himself say what Scott wanted to hear.

Scott explained the itinerary: "The chopper is picking us up in a clearing in Elmo's yard. We can only bring the essentials, like an extra hat and a pair of gloves."

The two were to be dropped off about one hundred yards from the summit of Denali.

"I bought two top-of-the-line silver vinyl, thermo-lined, backpack sleeping bags."

"Sleeping bags," Andy interrupted, not paying attention to any word Scott had said until he heard "sleeping bags." "Overnight trips and sleeping bags go hand and hand, and I am not staying on that mountain long enough to feel like falling asleep." Andy was beginning to slur his words.

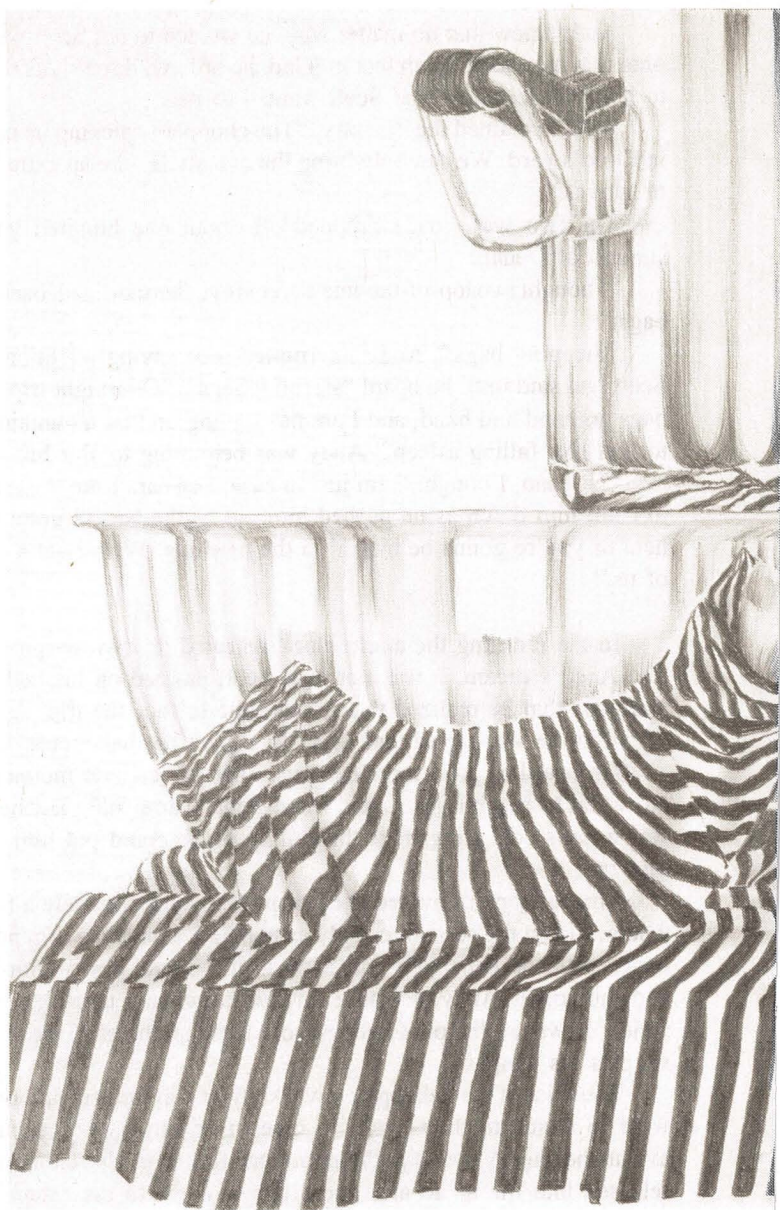
"No man, I bought them just in case, I swear. Take it easy." Scott tried to calm him down as he pushed him out of the bar. "I gotta get you outta here or you're gonna be hurtin' in the morning. We've got a big day ahead of us."

In the morning the alarm clock defeated its own purpose by blending into Andy's dream. It was not until Scott jumped on his bed banging pots and pans that he realized that it was time to face the trip. After three pots of coffee he was wired and ready to get on the helicopter.

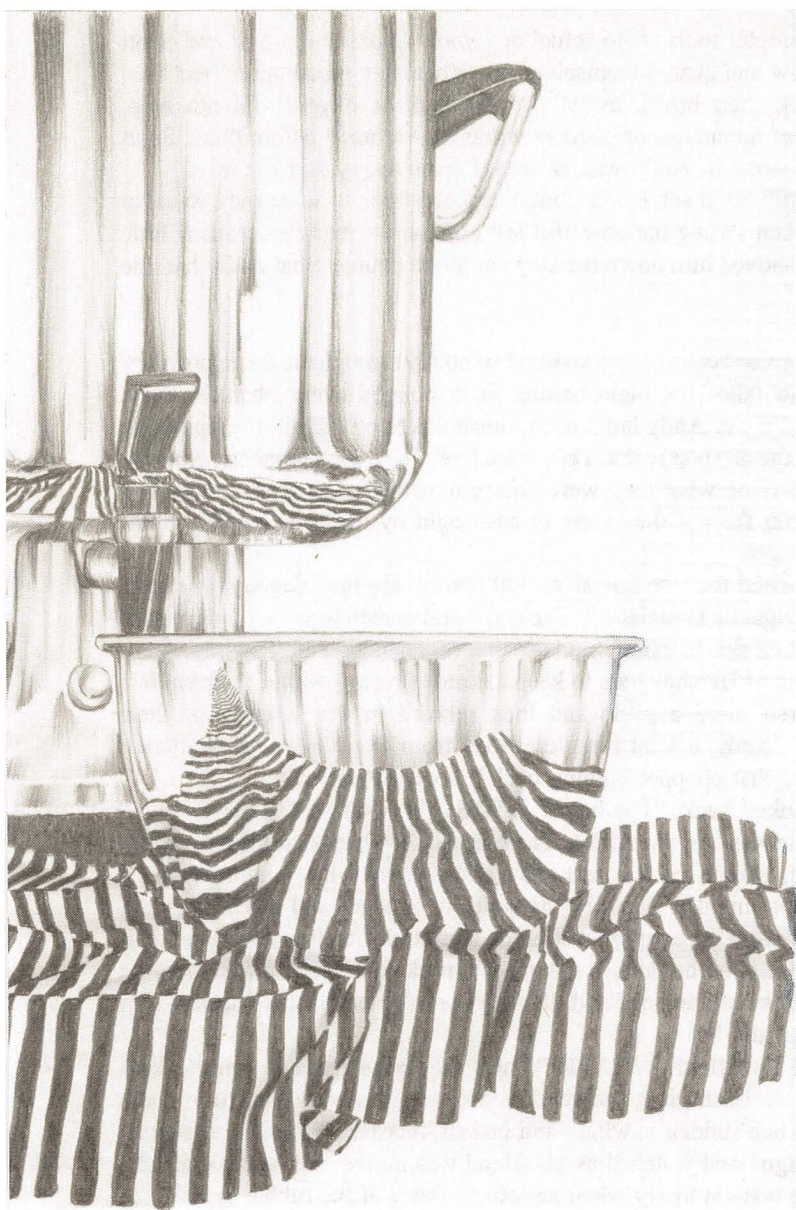
On board he grew more nervous. They glided over mountains that were taller than he had imagined, and when Denali came into view he wished there was a noose dangling from the ceiling so he could put himself out of his misery.

The helicopter hovered above a plateau approximately a football field's distance from the summit exactly as planned. The pilots dropped a line from underneath the helicopter and Scott lead the way down with his backpack and equipment. Andy, grasping onto his last chance to back out, tried to stay inside; however, the pilot lied and told him that the chopper could no longer support his weight.

The pilot of the helicopter gave Andy two hydrogen balloons which they were to attach to their backs in case of an emergency. If an unexpected avalanche, injury, or hypothermia were to occur, the balloons were to be released into the air to alert the pilots to come to the rescue.



**Z-BOWLS**  
**Laura Ashley**





The helicopter took off to refuel at Elmo's house and Andy and Scott sat in the snow and geared themselves up. When they stood upon their skis, the view took their breath away, and the lack of oxygen did not help. Mountains and mountains of manless wilderness loomed before them. Scott was ready to tame it. Andy wanted to fall at its mercy and die in it.

"Let's go!" Scott screamed, completely apathetic to what they were up against. He then swung his powerful left arm across Andy's meatless little back, which shoved him down the slope at a rate double what Andy had the guts to do.

After he gained control they swished smoothly through the fresh, powdery snow that had fallen the night before. Scott obliged every obstacle while Andy avoided them. Andy laughed to himself as Scott did split jumps as he flew through the air over rocks. They were free. They were pioneers. Nobody else had ever done what they were doing; nonetheless, it would mean big trouble and big fines if they were to be caught by the park rangers. Scott loved the danger.

They reached the tree line at 11,000 feet. There they decided to rest at the base of a gigantic Douglas Fir. The snow underneath their skis was mostly ice, causing their skis to vibrate, and became very irritating after awhile. Andy brought a case of Hershey bars to keep calories flowing within their bodies. They devoured three a piece and then relaxed in the serenity of their mountain. Suddenly, a faint rumble echoed from atop the great mountain.

"Must be that chopper coming back," Scott wondered.

Andy looked back. "The hell it is IT'S AN AVALANCHE!"

The scene was in slow motion. They turned their heads around to a white mass of mist, chunks of ice, and snow tearing down the mountain like a steamroller. On impulse, Scott dug his poles into the ice and raced down the mountain to outrun the angry power of the snowslide. Andy knew better than to try to outrun it, so he ducked behind the trunk of the tree. Every time he leaned over to keep track of Scott, the debris of the avalanche smacked him in the back of the head.

"BOOM, RUMBLE, WHACK!" The noise was unbearable as if the earth were caving in. Each giant snowball gained weight and momentum in the brutal fury. Then suddenly, within an instant, it ceased. In the dead silence he bit his tongue and watched as his friend was hurled over at least a forty foot cliff. He wanted to cry when he looked down at the rubber remains of his distress balloon laying helplessly next to him. Worse yet, he watched as

Scott's balloon lodged itself in the limbs of a tree and popped. The helicopter would have no idea that the two were in severe danger. At this point, Scott's dream had transformed into Andy's nightmare.

Andy brushed himself off and rubbed his temples to soothe his pounding headache, then quickly skied down to the ledge where Scott had plummeted. He expected to see Scott's body squashed on rocks. Surprisingly, he noticed movement in his limbs.

"Jesus Christ he's alive!"

He tore off his skis and tossed them over the cliff near Scott, then gently skid down the steep wall to figure out the extent of Scott's injuries. Scott's leg twisted underneath his body and a gaping wound on his skull gushed blood all over his face and neck. He could squirm a bit but he was not coherent. The snowslide had stolen his hat and a glove. The temperature was way below zero so Andy had to get Scott into some heat. He had to bring his friend back home alive.

At that moment he remembered the backpacks. He replaced Scott's hat and glove with the spare set, and used the other glove to stop bleeding from his head. The sleeping bags that Andy had bitched about was the only hope for saving Scotty's life. He zipped his body up tight in the warmth of the bag wishing that he could crawl in too. After he ditched the skis and the backpacks, he began sliding down the mountain. On the way down, Scott kept moaning about the pain in his leg, but there was nothing Andy could do. He dragged him for ten minutes and then stopped to rest.

He calculated that, at the most, there was 8,000 feet left to trod down the mountain. Overhead, the helicopter made a sweep for the balloons or any other sign of distress, but Andy had no way of signalling them. Then he realized that there was no movement from inside the sleeping bag. When he unzipped it, Scott appeared lifeless; however, he still maintained a pulse. Andy diagnosed a concussion, and Scott needed medical treatment immediately; desperately.

Andy himself was growing tired, weak, and hungry. The chill of the icy wind was driving him crazy. His head and neck ached. To make matters worse, he had to lug a man that weighed sixty pounds more than he did for another mile and a half. They came upon a plateau where Andy readjusted Scott in the sleeping bag. Andy then crawled over to the edge to see if the base of the mountain was visible, but he barely had time to think when a roar from within the mountain caused the snow beneath Scott to concave. Andy leapt through the air and grasped onto the feet end of the bag. The snow

crashed at the bottom of a hundred foot crevice between the plateau and the mountain. The weight of the bag was breaking his back; but, for the first time, Scott relied on Andy and he could not let him fall.

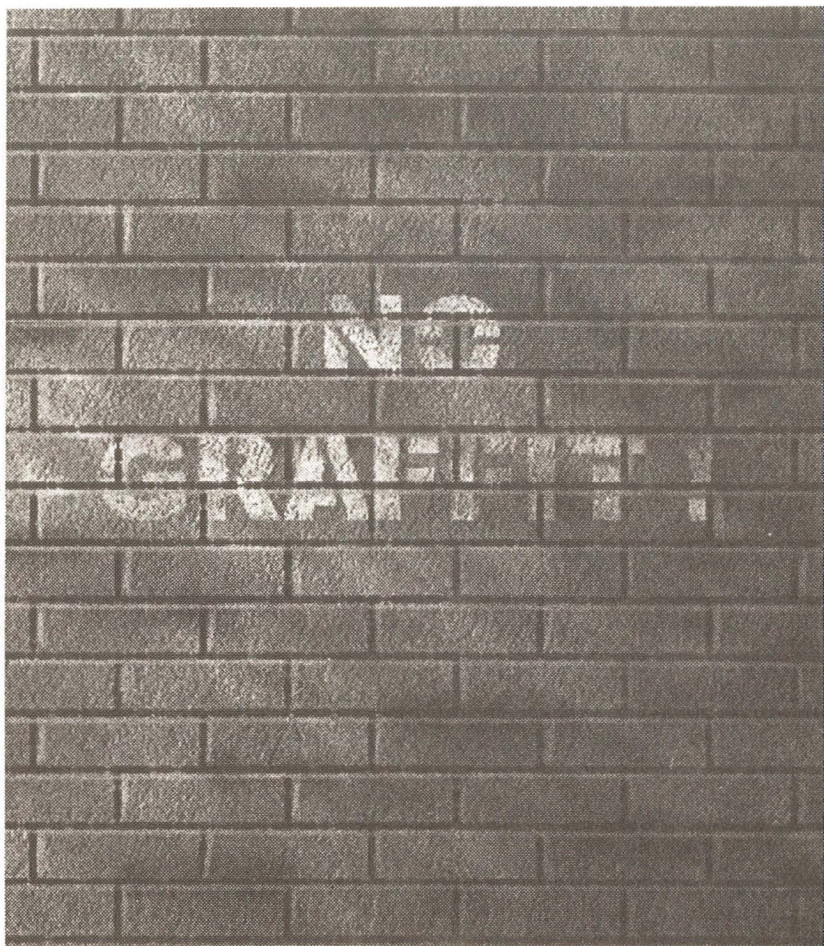
The hole fought to consume the entire bag, but Andy held on tight. When the zipper at the bottom of the sleeping bag burst open, Andy was helpless. His heart sunk through his stomach as he watched Scott's limp body tumble down the rocky wall of the glacial chasm. He clutched the sleeping bag to his face and wept frozen tears. This time, Scott was gone. Exhausted, Andy fell backwards into the snow and nearly passed out.

Meanwhile, from the chopper up above, the pilots spotted Andy's orange jacket against the white snow and immediately geared up the cot that they would use to hoist him into the copter. Andy no longer had the strength to get onto the board, forcing the copilot to come down and strap him on.

Elmo must have known that something went wrong because he returned with the pilots in the helicopter. He did not have to ask about Scott, he knew that he did not make it. Andy kept thinking that Elmo, deep inside, wanted to say, "told ya so, stupid Yankee." Instead he directed the pilots to the hospital in Fairbanks, and rapped a thick blanket around Andy's body.

The image of Scott being pummeled in the jaws of the canyon kept taunting him. He thought that he would wake up and none of it would be reality. He held back more tears. He could not believe that he had come out alive. Still, a wicked thought lurked in the back of his mind. He tried, but he could not block it out, he had come out on top. He had defeated the mountain, and for the first and final time, he had conquered over Scott.





**"NO GRAFFITI!"**  
Darlene Forster

## Stress Reduction Exercise II

Michelle D. Long

I pick up heavy handfuls  
then I hold my hands in a fist  
and slowly sprinkle sand on my head  
across my shoulders  
down my back  
on my neck  
chest and stomach  
front and back  
across my legs  
rub it into my feet  
between my toe  
I rub my hand together  
then shake them out.  
I brush off all the imaginary sand  
that holds the bad moods  
and rubs the good ones clean.

# The Right To Read

Karen V. Galbraith

In 1620, the first permanent European settlement was established in New England. English and Dutch citizens had fled their native countries in search of religious freedom. These settlers had overcome persecution, hunger, and diseases in order that they might be free of the tyranny in their homelands. Later, their descendants fought the American Revolution to, once and for all, to secure the blessings of liberty. In 1787, after a long and arduous battle, members of the Constitutional Convention adopted the Constitution of the United States, and in December of 1791, the first ten amendments of the Bill of Rights were ratified.

The First Amendment to the Constitution reads: "Congress shall pass no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people to peaceably assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

The founding fathers of our nation saw to it that no government would have the right to quell our freedom of expression. Never again would writers have to hide behind fairy tales and nursery rhymes to make their point. The use of poems, like Humpty Dumpty, to say that a ruler was inept was now to be a thing of the past. There would no longer be a threat of imprisonment for disagreeing with politicians or society. Americans had been given the freedom they had fought for.

Through the ages, books have allowed average people inside the bedrooms of kings, guided them through the Egyptian pyramids, and taken them on fantastic journeys into outer space. The black ink on white paper has entertained us with strange new worlds and taught us more about our own planet. Stories have provided insight into alternative lifestyles, and presented non-traditional family values. For some, these disquieting thoughts are frightening. That others might use the written word to change the way we think is unthinkable.

Ladies and gentlemen, there is a growing trend in our beloved nation to restrict your right to read. There are those who wish to keep "we the people" from choosing what we want our children to read. The fear is that the power of the pen might be used to express the need to rethink our values. Some people believe that such books should be hidden, removed, even destroyed to "protect" us from their distressing messages. Books about sex, rebellion,



feminism, racism, atheism and religion are challenged. In some cases, the words or the authors are restricted or banned. This can be done without the popular consent of the people who will most be affected by their removal.

These so-called righteous factions have joined together to emphasize that imposing restraints on information is far less dangerous than any ideas that may be expressed in that information. Challenges are not limited to politicians and interest groups, however. Parents, teachers, anyone can call for a review. In schools all across the country, books are pulled off library shelves, in some cases, without the consent or knowledge of its patrons.

The first Amendment is constantly being challenged by those who would limit what we see and read. The rights of "we the people" to choose and the freedom to express our opinions, even if those opinions might be considered unorthodox or unpopular, are in serious danger at the hands of this minority. Believe it or not, books are still being banned in America, land of the free. Surprised? Even more surprising are the titles and reasons behind the bans. In his book, Banned Book Week '90, Celebrating The Freedom To Read, Robert P. Doyle gives us the following examples:

In Wisconsin, a school administrator removed Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee, written by Dee Brown, because "the book was slanted, and if there is any possibility of controversy, why not eliminate it?" (11)

Wilt Chamberlain's book, entitled Wilt, was banned in Gaylord, Michigan. The reason given was "children are interested in learning about dribbling and shooting not in his off-court activities" (12). For those who have never read the book, it is a detailed description of how Mr. Chamberlain was able to have many sexual encounters with many women.

Oliver Twist, by Charles Dickens, was removed from the required reading list in Brooklyn, NY, when a Jewish parent regarded its use as a "violation of the rights of children to an education free of religious bias" (15).

Dr. Suess' The Lorax, Hanford Martin's Where's Waldo, and, even The Merriam, Webster's Dictionary have joined the list of censored material, along with hundreds of others (15). The complaints are getting even more bizarre.

In 1983, parents in Phoenix, Arizona, were able to get four novels pulled from the shelves. John Gunther's Death Be Not Proud, Jean George's Julie Of The Wolves, Jack London's Call Of The Wild and S.E. Hinton's The Outsiders were banned for the most abstract of reasons. All were determined to be "too downbeat" and "too depressing" to be exposed to young readers (Juchartz 5). In this writer's opinion, Death Be Not Proud was the most uplifting and inspirational work used in the Virginia public school system.

It is fair to say that the bannings are done with only the best intentions at heart. The desire to protect children is what spurs these people on. The books, which have been deemed inappropriate, show children the world as it is or the way an author imagines it could be. For the righteous flock, this will not do. Appropriate books show a world where everyone is happy; no job is meaningless or trivial, and no one questions authority. In "good" books, people are miraculously healed, and bad guys are always punished. Those who would restrict what our children read would have them believe this is the real world.

What these folks accomplish, however, is quite the opposite of their intention. Children are given an abstract view of reality. They grow up with a false sense of security, believing that the everything will always turn out for the best. These parents are also teaching their children that restricting the freedom of speech is okay as long as it is used for the purpose of good. But it should never be okay. The truth is that these bad books are reality. The Jeffery Dahmers and Ted Bundys are out there, and this is what the children of today need to be taught. Art is an imitation of real life. The truth will not go away, simply because the papers they are written on are destroyed. Teaching a child that banning books is a good idea, under any circumstances, can only lead to the banning of more books. It could lead to a future where a few good people decide what is best for everyone, a dictatorship.

The procedure for challenging a book is so simple that even the most narrow-minded individual can be taught to do it. All one has to do is take a trip to the institution where the offensive material is housed and make a complaint. In the case of school libraries, the complaint is registered with the school board. A form is filled out with the name of the person or organization seeking to restrict the material and the reason for the inquiry. Members of a committee, usually made up of school board members, teachers, and parents, then read the book. The decision is made by comparing the content of the work with the criteria set forth by the school system for use in the library. A book can be pulled off the shelves without the surrounding community's input. No announcement has to be made, and no open hearing must be held. The book simply disappears.

There is more harm in everyone thinking alike than to allow some people to think otherwise. In Nazi Germany, all books written by Jewish authors and any book which was deemed to be against the Nazi cause were burned in massive bonfires. In the former Soviet Union, all material, sympathetic to capitalism and democracy, were confiscated at the borders,

and, in some cases, Soviet authors were imprisoned or shot for writings of this nature. Animal Farm, a book about the Bolshevik revolution, had to be written with animal characters to avoid the firing squad. By the way, in some places, this book is also restricted.

Attempting to engineer social structure by denying free speech erodes the very foundation on which this country was built. Censorship threatens tyranny for those subjected to such laws. We, the people, must be on guard against the encroachments of the "well-meaning" book banners. Liberty is in danger. Without the freedom of independent thought, generations are incapable of appreciating the differences between loyalty and subservience. To allow a book to be banned is to say that those would-be readers are either slaves or fools.

On December 3, 1952, while accepting the Lauterbach Award from the Author's Guild, Supreme Court Justice, William O. Douglas, put the practice of book banning into perspective when he said, "Restrictions of free thought and free speech is the most dangerous of all subversion. It is the one un-American act that could most easily defeat us (Doyle 49)."

It is obvious that those who would withhold the information between the covers of books think that they are smarter than they think we ought to be. It is the right and duty of every American to stand up and fight for the freedoms that our ancestors died for. We the people of the United States of America have the right to read and to choose what we want our children to read. Please, America do not allow another book to be pulled from another shelf, or someday, you may no longer have the choice.

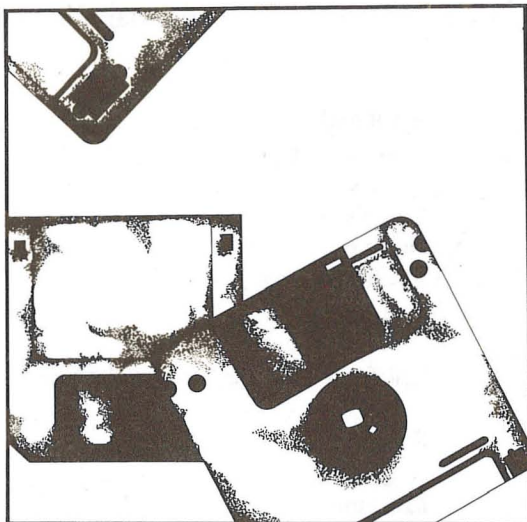
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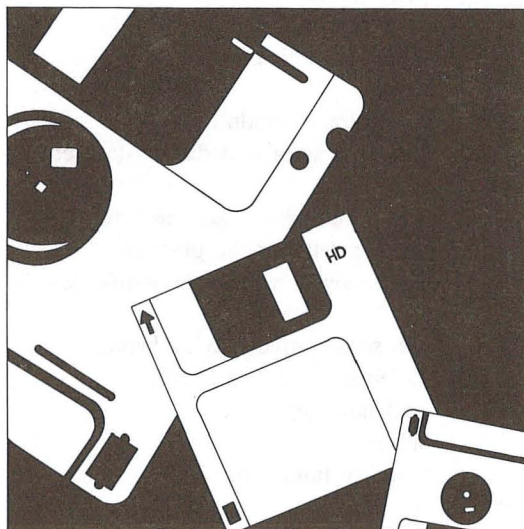
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**UNIVERSAL TOOL**  
Laura Collins



**DISKS 101**  
Laura Collins



## Tender Bar Junction

### *First Place Tie*

Gina Maria Tucker

All mingled  
Mangled together

Low lives  
No lives  
Wastes of lives  
High lives

Out for a little fun without the wives

Swaying  
Staggering  
Mocking

Old country songs about

Low lives  
Lost wives  
Dog dies  
Wrists to knives

Unaware - couldn't care  
That the song is dedicated to them

From behind the bar she listens  
As cigarette smoke glistens  
in the sweat within her wrinkles

Oh so attentively to the woes  
Of those friends and foes  
and laughter  
after  
gratuity tinkles the jar

Mind-boggled-beer-goggled  
In love with any pie-eyed piper of the drunken bliss

The friends and foes  
Lovers and ho's  
Rich and Po'

All mingled  
Mangled  
Dangled

From the feathers of a cocktail

Bar rails  
Rusty nails  
Wine and ale

LAST CALL!

Before we all  
Fall

From the plane of intoxication  
To the hard ground of hangoverfication





**TREES**  
*Second Place*  
**Heather Lind**

## Snowball

Carole J. Wilde

We were living in Keego Harbor, a small town adjacent to the larger city of Pontiac, Michigan. It was about a week before Christmas, and I was about eleven years old. My father had come from work, and decided that tonight we would pick out our Christmas tree.

It was a clear cool night, and the tree sales lot was crowded with families anxiously choosing their special tree for the holiday.

The ritual for choosing our tree was the same every year. As always, my mother led the way, and my father and I followed. She would approach a group of trees and ask my father to hold one out and turn it around. The tree had to be exactly so tall and shaped just right. Well, tonight I could tell by the number of "rejects" that this was going to take awhile. The air was getting colder, and I wanted to go home. After all, I didn't care about the shape or size of the tree, as long as it could hold presents underneath it.

My mother continued her search and I followed. My father had stopped to talk to a man in the corner of the lot. I noticed that with the man was a woman holding a small child, and a little girl, about my age, holding the whitest, chubbiest puppy I'd ever seen. The little girl was cradling the puppy in her arms, protecting it from the cold air. I was jealous! Even though, I had a large collie at home, I wanted that puppy. I couldn't hear what my father was saying to the man, but I did notice that the little girl had begun crying and rightly hugging her puppy. With such a pet, I couldn't imagine what she could be crying about. A little more was said, and my father joined me and my mother in the quest for our tree. The man and his family disappeared into the crowd.

It wasn't much longer after that, that my mother made her final choice. and I could say that we had a very handsome tree for Christmas.

My father placed the tree in the trunk of the car, and I hopped into the back seat; I was ready to go home.

"Where's your father going?" my mother asked.

I said, "Maybe to pay for the tree."

Well, I couldn't believe my eyes when my father opened the door, and stood there holding THAT puppy. The words being exchanged, between my parents, in the front seat were lost in my excitement with my new pet. By the time we arrived home, I had given him his name, Snowball; my special, pure white, puppy.

I spent most of the next week introducing Snowball to my "ole collie" dog, Rip. What a Christmas this was going to be. My new pet was the greatest gift.

It wasn't until Christmas Eve that I heard the real story about Snowball. I overheard my father and mother talking...

My father hadn't known the man or his family, but had been approached by them at the tree lot. The man, my father said, had lost his job and wanted to buy his family a Christmas tree but had had no money. He had spent that evening asking "tree" shoppers if any of them would like to buy a puppy so he could buy his family a Christmas tree, and maybe a toy for each of his children. He told my father that he knew how much his little girl loved the puppy, but he had explained to her how important it was for her brothers and sisters to have a Christmas, too. She had understood and agreed. I knew then why she had been crying. My father said that he had given the man \$10.00 for Snowball and had agreed to let his daughter say good-bye to her puppy before we took him home.

He was telling my mother how earlier in the day he had found out who the man was and where he lived. He said he couldn't forget how the little girl cried as she bravely gave up her puppy, and how he wished he could give the puppy back to her. The only thing was that if he gave Snowball back to the little girl he would break his own daughter's heart.

I glanced at the white, roly-polly Snowball sleeping in his box, and I thought about that little girl. I knew how I would feel without my "ole collie" dog, Rip, at Christmas. I knew what I had to do.

While my father warmed the car, I wrapped a large green bow around Snowball's neck. My mother packed some cookies and fruit cake.

I should have felt sad but instead I was excited. Snowball was going home.

The house was small, and I could see at least four children. I could see a small tree with a few presents under it.

My father and mother were greeting the parents with our cookies and cake. The man was saying that he would repay my father; my father just shook his head no.

I was standing to the side on the porch when the little girl appeared from around the corner. I hugged Snowball one last time before handing him most carefully to her. A tear fell as I said, "Merry Christmas." She didn't say anything...she didn't have to...the look on her face said it all.

At that moment, I realized that I had given the perfect Christmas gift...or had I received it?



## Gored

Scott Zobl

"Mr.jack o'lantern, how can you wear a frown  
with all of these little princes running around?"  
"Sir, I am the king of pain -- my stem is my crown."

"Mr.jack o'lantern, I am afraid your sorrow I cannot trace,  
it is Halloween night-will you wipe the tears from your face?"  
"Sir, I am sorry, but they're carved into place."

"Mr.jack o'lantern, feel lucky, you are one of few  
the perfect shade of orange-what's the matter with you?"  
"Sir, it would be more fitting if I were green, yellow, or blue."

"Mr.jack o'lantern, you once glowed so bright,  
now you are cold and dark-what happened to your light?"  
"Sir, someone came along and blew out my candle tonight."

"Mr.jack o'lantern, I have no doubt  
that you can relight your wick -- so why do you pout?"  
"Sir, I was taken from my bed and had my insides torn out."

"Mr.jack o'lantern, your will is made of tin,  
please tell me-what caused this state you're in?"  
"Sir, it is obvious you are still a pumpkin."



**RECITE THE ICE**  
Kevin J. Erickson

## Agent Orange

Gina Maria Tucker

The choppers broke the silence of sunrise  
Streaming blended fire of napalm  
Burning what it had already burned

Viet Cong growing strong  
Guerillas in the ferns

And the jungle - what a jungle  
A jungle of nameless faces  
Of jumbled ugly places

Women and children screaming  
Oh - the screaming he can hear it in his dreams

There were no options

A million miles away she lay  
His pregnant wife he left her  
Alone scared and crying

To walk on napalm and the Viet Cong

He's fighting for nameless faces  
In unfamiliar places

For his country

Oh- his country what a country  
With all the traitors back at home  
Smoking dope and spitting on the soldiers  
That they say sold them out

There you sat smoking dope  
Crossing borders  
Hiding whining shying sheepishly behind a daisy  
While he sniffed the power of flowering napalm



You watched him sent to fight  
As you excused yourself. Your right!

He raised his arms and cried

As his best friend gulped and died - a baby

And you waved your protest signs crying

"BABYKILLERS!"

You looked him in the eyes  
Into the thousand yard stare  
The glare reflected landmines and flares

And you looked him in the eyes  
As you spit in his face  
And the freedom that he fought for

Mimicking our military  
Making mice out of Marines

There you sat smoking dope waving signs

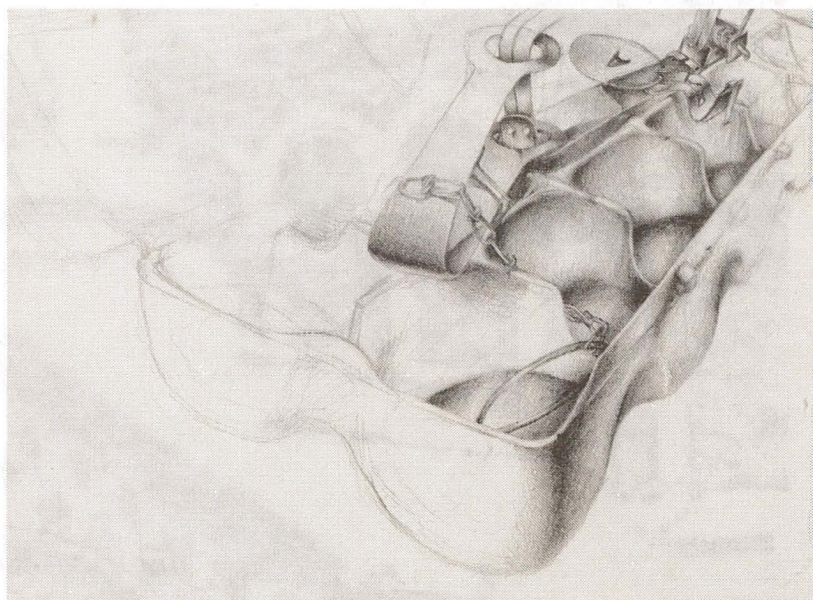
Well let me tell you something hippie  
You can sing your peaceful ditties as I  
Shove your ukulele down your throat

And you can squinch your saliva in shame  
To spit on your own shiny shoes without a scuff

And you can bitch about the babykillers  
and burn the flag of freedom while you  
Bow down at the jungle-rotted feet of my father

And you will kiss them and pay respect to the man  
That gave you the freedom  
To flee to Canada  
To smoke dope  
And wave your silly little signs  
In your silly little clothes

I will be there to spit in your face  
Then I will roll you up and smoke you.



**CHICK TRAP**  
Shawn Kawa



**UNTITLED**  
*Third Place*  
**Jason Muxlow**



# The Long Walk Back Home

James McCulloch

Even as he sat silently waiting, Daniel Hanoj's soul was shaking within him. His life was anything but peaceful. It was full of confusion, heartache, and pain. He often wondered how much longer he could take all the pressure. For this one moment, he would just sit and think of nothing. He always thought way too much, but that came with being a full-time college student, working thirty hours a week at the local bookstore, and being heavily involved with the church's youth program. On top of this weekly schedule, friends' problems and being part of his family only added to the hectic pace of Dan's life. He peered out the window watching the colored leaves fall from the trees and make the scenery that much more bare.

"Follow me, please," the large old man said calmly. A tall man, dressed in a black suit, entered, expressionless, into the small room. Everyone rose hesitantly unsure of what was about to happen. The old man led them, as if on some tour, down a dark hallway. Dan's stomach began to churn. He had been here before, but it always gave him the same uneasy feeling. Soon the procession entered into another room. This room was also dark, but it had a strange red glow to it. As Dan looked around, he noticed the unfamiliar faces of people seated in the room. Each person sat perfectly still, as if some stone statue, gazing off into nowhere. After passing through the entire length of the room, the man stopped at the doorway of what was to be the final destination of everyone in the line. Slightly bowing, the man extended his bony hand towards the open doorway.

"Here is the room," the man said.

As Dan entered, he felt a slight pull on his body that seemed to be holding him from proceeding. He recognized it as just the uneasiness of the situation and continued on. As he scanned the room, he looked for his friends but only saw her. He had not come really to see her but his eyes were pulled helplessly to her. Dan was stunned at how young and beautiful the girl was. Even though he had never met her before in his life, his heart still trembled in pain.

"She had so much life yet to live," Dan thought to himself. "Why did this have to happen? What good could ever come of this?"

Then from behind Dan came a deep voice that said, "It is quite confusing, isn't it?"

Dan froze in place. He knew that whoever was speaking was talking directly to him. Stranger yet, the voice was somehow very familiar to him. Again the dark voice came from behind Dan.

"One must wonder how a loving God can allow such things to happen?"

Dan turned around to see where the voice had come from, but no one was there. Whoever had been there knew exactly what Dan had been thinking.

"I'm too tired," Dan muttered to himself. "I must have been imagining things."

After passing the haunting figure of the girl which laid in the center of the room, Dan spotted his friends, Jim and Amber. As he approached them, he was not quite sure what he should say.

"I would tell them that she is in a much better place," Dan reasoned, but they don't believe in God. Even if they did, how could I explain His taking their sister away?" When he had walked over to where they were seated, he began to speak.

"I...I..."

Dan could not find the right words.

"Thanks for coming, Dan," Jim said.

"I'm so sorry," Dan replied while embracing both of his friends.

With those simple words, Dan quickly exited the room. When leaving the building, Dan stepped out into the windy outdoors. It was getting very cloudy overhead.

"This weather is sure strange," Dan thought to himself, "It is never the same for more than half a day." Then the words of the deep voice began to ring in his head.

"One must wonder...one must wonder how a loving God...a loving God...could allow such things to happen. It is quite confusing...a loving God allowing such things to happen."

"The Bible says that God is love." Dan thought to himself, "How can a loving God allow someone to die at such a young age?"

Dan could not find any answers within himself that day. He was too exhausted to figure much of anything out. It was not the least bit unusual for Dan to have so many questions about religion. He struggled often with the question of believing in something, God, that he could not see with his own eyes. He found it difficult constantly to follow the strict guidelines that were part of being a Christian. He was young and wanted to have fun, morals or no morals, but the possibility of living eternity paying for his sins also weighed heavy on his mind. He found himself constantly at forks in the road. He had been taking the most-heavily traveled, lately.

Sunday, two days after the funeral, Dan and his mom, dad, and younger brother, Andy, did what they always did. It had been part of their weekly schedule for as far back as Dan's memory reached. At eight-thirty, they woke, and after an hour's preparation, they departed for their ten-o'clock meeting place. At five minutes to ten, they were properly in their places, seventh row from the pulpit.

Dan could barely concentrate through the opening hymns. He had been out late the night before with some of his friends and had not gone to bed until after three in the morning. His family had become used to this weekly occurrence. When the late-nights first began, Dan's parents expressed their concern, but after several conversations turned into heated arguments, they kept their worries to themselves and trusted Dan would remain strong in his faith. They realized that at nineteen years old, Dan needed to make many of his decisions on his own.

After singing the last line of "Blessed Assurance," the pastor invited everyone to join in a few minutes of private prayer.

"Dear God," Dan began to pray.

He continued on reciting the same words week after week.

"Thank you for this day. Thank you for the many blessings you shower upon me. I pray for forgiveness for all my sins which include the lies and nasty gossip I have let come from my mouth. I also pray that you will forgive me for any harmful or impure thoughts that I have had last week. I am sorry for, once again, letting my defenses down, God, and giving into sinful temptations. I am still awfully confused. I am not sure what college I should attend, what career field I should be in, or how I am going to get all of my college work done in time. I am just really confused. Right now, I especially ask your guidance and comfort with the recent breakup with my girlfriend, Beth. I am not sure whether I should continue waiting to see what happens with her and me or..."

Stopping in the middle of his prayer, Dan's thoughts began to drift. Suddenly, he remembered the encounter he had in the college parking lot after his classes on Monday. After a morning full of experiences such as a dead battery along with a cold shower and failing a test, he was not ready to see who he saw walking towards him, Beth.

"Hi Dan. How's life?" she asked him cheerfully as she stopped at where his car was parked.

"It's all right," he quickly replied, "I've been busy with the usual: work, church, and college."



"It's been much the same with me," she answered with a smile which was driving Dan crazy.

For a moment, Dan stared off into the overcast sky.

"How is it that she can smile and be so happy when I have been depressed?" he asked himself.

"You will never believe where I am going this Friday, Dan!" she exclaimed, "I'm going to a concert at the State Theatre to see..."

"Oh, I see how it is!" Dan interrupted. "I haven't heard from you for two weeks, and I now know why! You are out having the best old time! I guess that after six years of friendship and two years of dating me, that you have had enough. Well, I guess I valued the time we spent together more than..."

"What am I supposed to do?" Beth fired back. "Am I supposed to stop living altogether? Dan, breaking up was a mutual decision, remember? You were the one that felt that we were drifting apart."

"We were drifting, but it was not something that I wanted to happen," Dan said.

"I know, Dan, but I need to have more room in my life. You were trying to control everything I did."

"Everything?!? You call just wanting to follow through on plans that we set, trying to control your life? And why did you cancel out on plans that we've made? Was it possibly because you wanted to go to the bar with your friends? Being the typical jerk that I am, I get upset, and then you accuse me of trying to control everything. Well, I wasn't. I just loved being with you, Beth. You knew that."

Dan's insides were now twisting and turning. He hated the mixture of anger and love he was feeling. He looked deep into Beth's emerald green eyes to find some leftover fragment of love that she once had for him before.

"I know that you...you...", Beth paused for a moment. "Look, Dan, I just need some time."

These words Dan was getting used to hearing. He looked quickly again into Beth's eyes and began to realize that he may never find the love that he is searching for there ever again. Dan slowly turned and began walking towards his car. He just could not understand how someone could make the transition so easily from loving someone deeply to just becoming a casual acquaintance.

"Dan, Dan," Beth called after him. *"Amazing Grace how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me..."*



Dan realized that he had been daydreaming all the way through the prayertime, and the choir was now singing a meditation before the pastor brought the day's message. Dan had been a member of the choir. In fact, he had been a great deal more involved with his church than he was now.

After the choir sang the last note, Pastor Lot approached the podium. His subject was one that Dan had heard numerous times, the various miracles of Jesus. The pastor started by looking at the passage of scripture where Jesus healed the blind man. As he began to read, Dan started to become restless and his thoughts sailed away from the words the pastor was speaking.

"I've heard this time and time before," Dan thought to himself. "I used to love to hear those stories when I was a little kid, but now, they don't mean much to me because I have heard and read them so many times. Everyone around me is listening and pulling something out of these stories. They take them and apply them to their lives, but I can't do that anymore."

Dan looked around the room. Here, too, were people sitting as still, like the people at the funeral, but they were not lifeless statues. Their expressions were not blank, but full of joy and happiness. Dan had been getting very thirsty throughout the service. He quietly rose from his place and headed out of the chapel towards the restrooms.

As he walked down the hallway, he heard that same deep voice that he heard at the funeral home come from directly behind him. Dan froze.

"Same old sermon," the voice said, "and there are so many things to be done today. Miracles of Jesus? It would take a miracle to figure out how to survive life?"

Dan began to slowly turn to see who was speaking, but all he could see was the empty foyer and the darkness that sat in the entrance to one of the church's hallways. A freezing chill sped down Dan's back, but he continued on towards the restrooms. As he turned back around, the voice spoke again.

"Dan, Dan, Dan," the voice taunted, "Didn't you use to sing in that choir? You used to be involved with everything, but that all changed. I understand, Danny. Your education is very important. You have to prepare for your future. You don't want to be working as some garbage man. You want to make some money. You want to be someone. You want to have a good time while living. You already have started living life to the fullest. Don't stop. Don't let anyone or anything hold you back."

"Who's there?" Dan whispered. He turned around and looked over the whole foyer again, but the voice never appeared or answered Dan's question. Dan tried to dismiss it as his imagination working overtime due to a lack of sleep, but the voice's knowledge of Dan "living life to the fullest" filled Dan with guilt. Still, he wondered, "Why shouldn't I have a little fun and

excitement while I am still young?" With that question, Dan entered the restroom, splashed some water on his face, and, after drying off his face, got a drink from the water fountain outside the restroom.

As Dan looked up from the water fountain, he nearly choked on the water when he saw the pale figure of Jim and Amber's dead sister standing in the middle of the foyer. She was wearing an all white dress that reflected all of the sun's brightness pouring in through the foyer's windows. She said not one word but slowly shook her head back and forth. The expression on her face was full of sorrow.

"Who are you?" And questioned the apparition, "Is it you that has been speaking to me?"

Uttering no reply, she vanished. Dan shook his head furiously and looked back up to see an empty foyer. His heart trembled in pain as he remembered how the death of this stranger affected him. Before another moment passed, Dan quickly headed for the chapel.

When he entered, the pastor was coming to the conclusion of his sermon.

"What are we to think about these many miracles that Jesus performed?" Pastor Lot questioned the congregation. "Are they just simple stories that are to delight our minds? No, first they should not be considered magical stories. They are the truth. How can these miracles be true? How can I, a simple man, prove these stories not to be false? I can do this by telling of the miracles I have seen with my own eyes. I have been at the hospitals when patients recovered from physical challenges that science could not heal. Even the most skeptic of doctors could not explain how such recoveries took place, but with my knowledge of the prayers that were prayed for that patient, I know how that patient is living today. Still, I have seen greater miracles than those at the hospital. I have seen liars, cheaters, thieves, and drunks come through these doors as sinners and walk out new people. Those have been the greatest miracles. They are what make up my proof that miracles happened during Jesus' time, and that they still occur today!"

With those words, Pastor Lot invited those that carried burdens or wanted to become a Christian forward. This happened every week, and Daniel had, in the past, answered the pastor's challenge. He would go and kneel in the front of the chapel, at the altar, and ask for God to help him lead the life that He wanted him to lead. This morning, Daniel did not move from his spot. Too many times, he had asked for that fresh start only to fail and give in to temptations and sin throughout the week.

After the meeting had come to a close, the Hanoj family headed for Sunday dinner. When they arrived, Dan went straight to his room to tackle some of the various assignments that were due the next day. As he walked

into his room, he tripped over the mounds of clean and unclean clothing scattered across the bedroom's floor. The whole room was a complete disaster. The book shelves were scattered with books with markers a third the way through the book. His desk was covered with sheets of unfinished homework. In one corner, parts of a bookshelf, that laid untouched for weeks, sat with dust covering it. Compact discs and tapes seemed to have been thrown across his stereo. Dan had no idea where to even begin.

As he cleared a spot to sit down on his bed, someone knocked on his bedroom door.

"Dan," his mom said from the other side of the door, "Todd is on the phone."

"Okay, mom. I'll be right there," replied Dan.

Todd was one of Dan's best friends. They had known each other for ten years. Todd was in his third year at the local college. He and Dan had been through a great deal together. Just last year, they had both suffered the pain of losing a close friend, Thomas, to an auto accident. Thomas's car had been broadsided by a drunk driver that did not stop for a red light. After six months, Dan came to terms with Thomas' death, but Todd still had not fully recovered. Todd was twenty-one so he took to healing his depression by drinking.

Dan picked up the phone.

"Hey buddy, what's going on?" Dan asked.

"Dan, Dan, I am not sure what I am going to do Dan."

"What's the problem, Todd? What's going on?"

"I only had a few beers while watching the football game. I am not drunk. Really, I'm not."

"What are you talking about Todd? What happened?"

"My sister she's got a big bruise on her head. She's hurt. I thought she was unconscious. Wait until my mom finds out. I'll be kicked out and then what will I do? She wouldn't...she wouldn't stop it."

"Slow down, Todd. I can't follow you. What is the problem? What's the matter with your sister?"

"She wanted to watch some other show on television, and she began crying and screaming. My mom wasn't home so I could not rely on her to stop her from throwing a fit, and I...I..."

"What did you do, Todd? Damn it, you didn't hit her did you?"

"I didn't mean to. I just am tired of her whining and crying and all of that..."

"What are you going to do, Todd? You're right. Your mom is going to go crazy when she finds out."

Dan was not sure what to say or what to do.



"Todd," Dan replied, "Todd, how's Sara? How's your little sister?"

"She has a fat lip and part of her cheek is bruised. What am I going to do? This drinking is controlling my life. I need help, Dan. What should I do? My mom and I just got into a huge screaming match, and I understand why she is angry. She has every right to be angry. I am old enough to be living on my own. Maybe I should just leave, damn it. I need to get the hell out of here before I cause anymore damage. What should I do, Dan? You gotta know what to do. You've always kept your head on straight."

Dan did not respond for a minute. He had so many of his own problems racing through his head that he had no idea how to help anyone else out. Also, Todd did not understand that Dan was not as holy as Todd thought he was.

"I'll...I'll pray for you pal," he quickly offered as comfort. "Just wait it out and see how things go. Tell your mom exactly what happened and go from there."

"Okay...I'll face reality for once," Todd replied. "If things get rough over here, can I spend a few nights at your house until everything settles down?"

Dan didn't answer for a second.

"Sure, Todd. Now is everything going to be okay for a while? Is your sister going to be all right?"

"I think so, and I hope so. She isn't crying anymore. I think I hear her playing on her bed with her dolls. I didn't mean to hurt her, Dan. I really didn't.

"I know Todd. Hang in there pal. Well, I hate to be a jerk, but dinner is going to be served. I have a million things to do before the day is over. I'll give you a call a little later to see how things are going."

"Thanks, Dan. I appreciate a good friend like you."

After that, they said goodbye, and Dan hung up the phone. He walked back into his room and shut the door. As he sat down again, he thought about Todd and sighed. Dan leaned back against the wall and closed his eyes.

"Aren't you tired of people coming to you with all of their problems?" the familiar deep voice questioned from outside the open window. "Why is it that they can always count on you, but you can never count on them when you are in need? How can you even offer to pray for them when you are unsure whether or not God will really hear their prayers?"

Dan quickly jumped up to look out the window to see the voice's owner, but he only caught his own reflection on the glass. As he looked outside, he saw all of the trees dancing violently about as the wind shook them.

"Who's there?" he shouted out the window.



A cold chill ran up Dan's spine as he turned around, for standing silently in the middle of the room was the ghostly apparition of the girl he had seen earlier in the foyer at church. As before, the girl shook her head slowly back and forth as if she was disagreeing to something Dan had done.

"What? What is it?" Dan questioned the pale figure.

"Be careful," she whispered. "Be careful."

With those words, she vanished once again.

"Wait!" Dan shouted, but she was gone.

As he sat back down, he thought about the reasons why he kept seeing this same girl. Whether it was his mind or really a ghost, he knew that something or someone was trying to tell him something. He didn't even know her, but he was shocked at how young she was. It had made him think about how quickly life can come to a halt. Still, Dan had so many other things weighing heavy on him that he did not think too long about whatever the reason he kept seeing the girl was.

His mom knocked on the door.

"Dan, what were you shouting about?"

"Nothing mom. Don't worry about it."

"You need to come out and help with some of the chores before dinner."

"Great," Dan mumbled to himself, "I'll never get my work done now."

After dinner, Dan worked a little on his assignments. His parents and brother had gone to the evening service at church. After an hour of working on homework, Dan decided to go for a drive to see if it would ease some of the confusing feelings he was experiencing. He decided a drive along the lakeshore would be a nice little outing.

As he drove, many events flashed in his head. Romantic evenings with Beth, stressful times at work, late-night parties with his friends, assignments being handed out by college professors, friends calling him with their various problems, and his responsibilities to both his church and his family were all jumping around in his thoughts. He wondered if he could ever make sense of it all.

After about ten minutes of driving, Dan heard a loud thumping noise and the front end of his car began to vibrate. He immediately slowed down and pulled off the road. As he got out of the car, what he had feared was true. He had somehow managed to get a flat tire.

This was all he needed. He still had three hours left of homework, and he was now stuck out in the middle of nowhere with a flat tire and no spare. He looked up into the sky and shook his head.

"Why God?" he questioned angrily. "You know I have a great deal of work to do, but You allow this to happen. Damn it! I can't believe that this happened. I am so sick and tired of all of the problems being heaped up on me! When will it stop? What good could possibly come of this happening? It just means more of my hard-earned money going towards this piece-of-junk automobile of mine. Haven't I had a hard enough day, a hard enough week without this crap!? Are You punishing me? Is that what You are doing now? What do I do now? Why?"

Dan looked out on the sun as it was setting on the lake. The winds had settled down, and the lake was very calm and peaceful looking. He then looked at his car and began to feel guilty about losing his cool. He thought about how many days he had told himself that he would check over everything to make sure the car would not leave him stranded somewhere.

"So here I am," he said to himself. "Just like everything else, I always leave it half-done, or I promise that I will get to it tomorrow. As usual, I keep putting things off until I end up in a dilemma. Then I blame everyone else but myself. I need to get my life organized and stop being consumed by the daily problems. I need something to focus on."

"Focus on you and what you want," the deep, dark voice said while interrupting Dan's thoughts.

Dan did not turn around to see where the voice was coming from. He just watched the sun create brilliant colors as it sank into the horizon. He knew, while the sun set, that no evolution theory could explain the feelings he felt as he watched the lake. The peace that Dan so desperately was seeking was as easy as running through the cool waters of the lake. Still, he was doubtful whether he could ever fully commit his life to living for God. It seemed he had failed so many times.

"Could such a commitment be kept?"

Dan considered the hectic pace of his life, and how quickly it was passing him by.

"Do what you want, Dan," the voice behind him said.

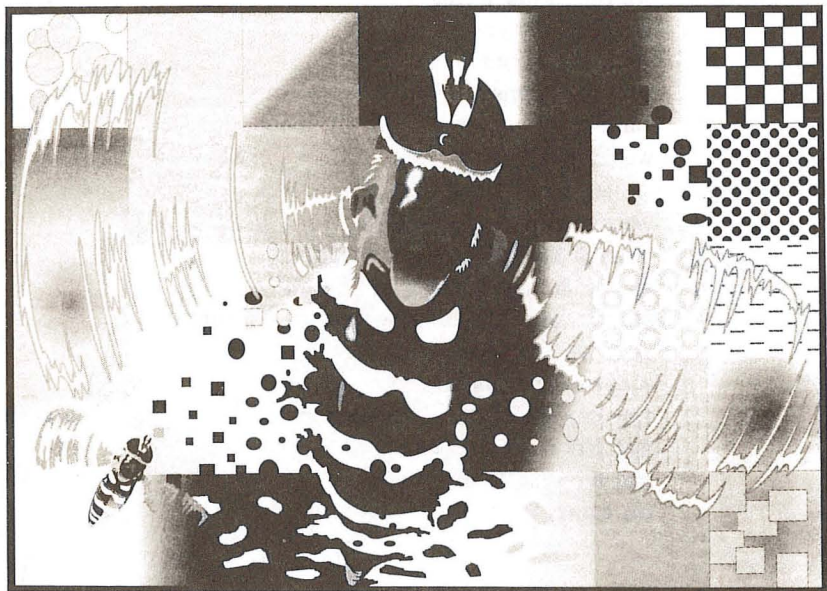
"No," he said, "I've done that already, and it has gotten me nowhere. Life can end too quickly for me to take any chances."

Dan looked one more time on the lake before heading out to get some help. He was amazed how beautiful the last rays of sunlight looked on the water. He had to blink his eyes a few times to help him believe what his eyes were now seeing. There out dancing in the water, was the girl again. For a moment she stopped her play, looked up at Dan, and smiled. With that, she

leapt into the sky and was held there for a moment as two golden wings unfolded. Then, her magnificent wings carried her into the horizon. Dan stood and slowly breathed in and out. He looked up into the evening sky.

"I'm sorry God. I need your help. I want to keep trying."

With that, Dan headed back towards the car. He decided to find a pay phone to call his dad from. For the first time in a long time, a calmness began to cover Dan's soul. It was then that Dan began his long walk back home.



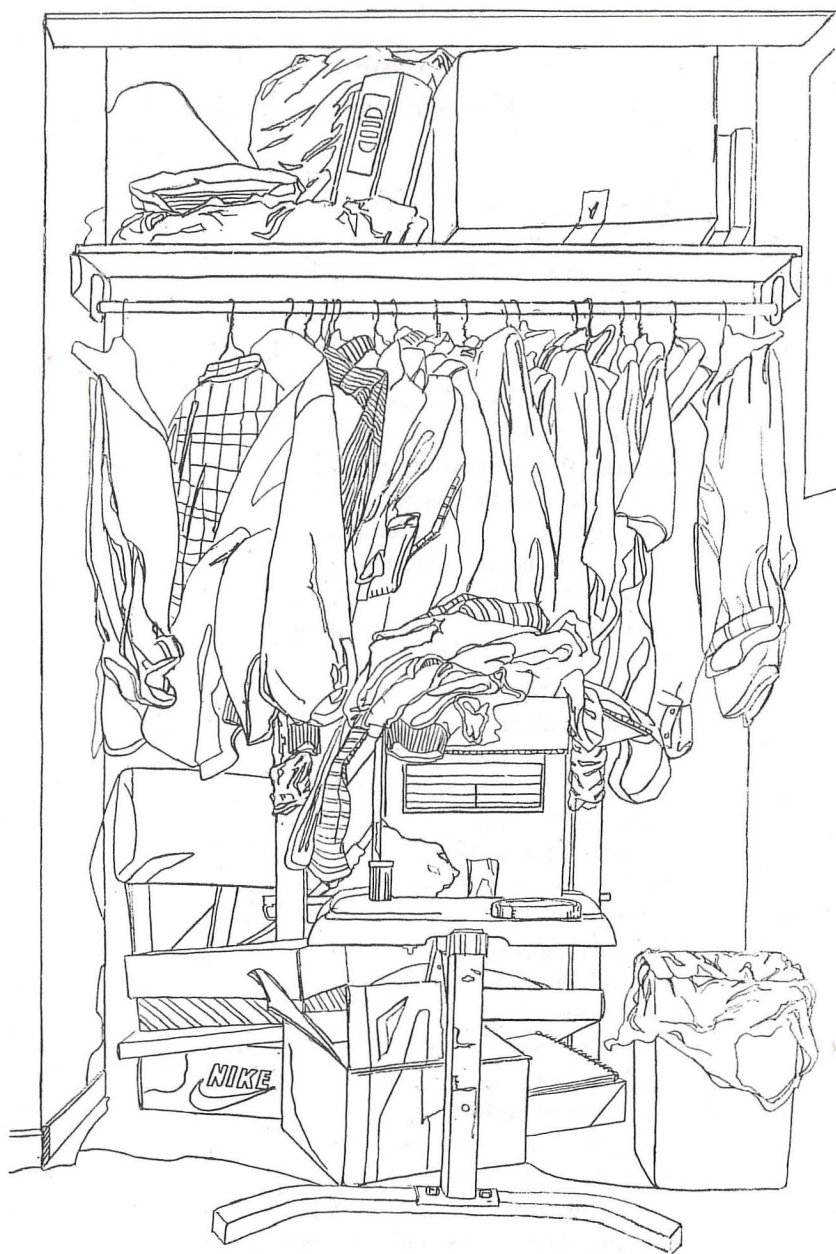
**RAW FUSION**  
*First Place*  
**Kevin Sanderson**

## Hybrid

Norene Cashen

half angels  
half animals  
we stumble through  
dense forests  
we lay asphalt over trees to make  
the world accessible  
for smooth-soled shoes  
and overcoats  
thermostats on paneled walls  
cattle prods and long-handled shovels  
we move earth and life  
we move through oak doors  
to which we have affixed our cut glass knobs  
we rip up the weeds  
we plant the grain  
stack the stones  
split the atoms  
harness the mavericks  
we let live  
we let die  
we move on rolling wheels  
through the fields of our future  
we fly through tunnels of illusion  
see all things through the lens of grandeur  
as if we the thinking matter  
could raise a hand  
and stop the wind of destruction  
that will carry us away  
into the dust from whence  
we came



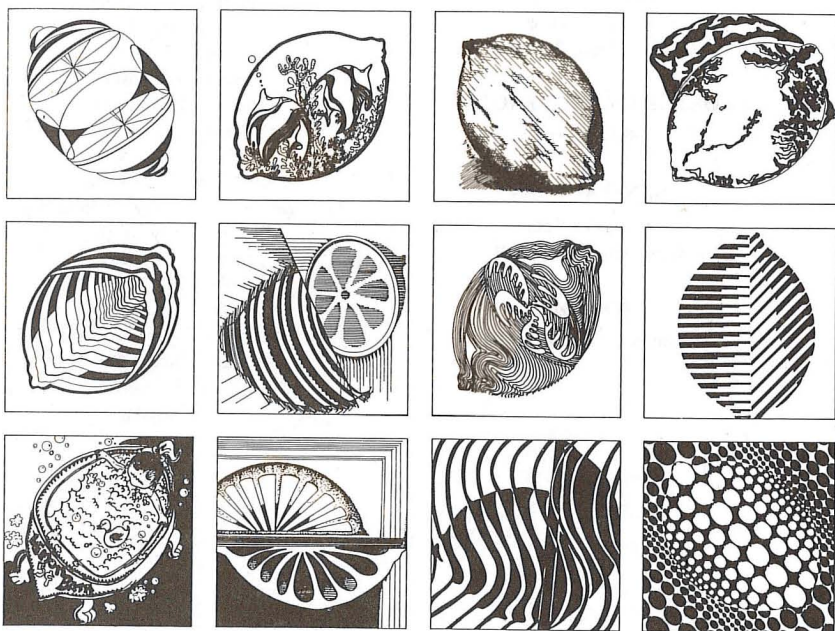


**PUT IT AWAY**  
**Thong Chan**

## Shrine

Michelle D. Long

I look around this room at  
the dark cherry furniture  
heavy tapestry drapes  
large leather chairs in each corner  
pure white carpet  
books everywhere.  
But I've never touched one book  
not in this whole entire room  
because I'm afraid of every single one.  
Old antique bookcases filled  
with collector and first editions,  
but all I do is steal glances at titles,  
so I can buy them someplace else.  
Because if the book belongs to me  
I can underline words that I like  
or dog-ear the pages  
without skulking around the house feeling guilty.  
I can read the book  
devour it, consume it, love it, or hate it,  
as is my choosing,  
to do as I please with it,  
To make it mine if I wish!  
I don't care for this room  
it repels me with its  
pretentious, expensive existence,  
so I choose to leave it,  
so I don't ruin pure white carpet  
or dark cherry furniture with  
hot mugs of coffee,  
because I don't need a shrine or  
monument to literature,  
all I really need is a blanket in the  
sunshine and a book with dog-eared pages.



**SWEET AND SOUR**  
Yen-Ling Mulholland

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**Anthony Gonder**

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David Korff  
Earl Robinette

Holly Pennington

**Production**

Holly Sanchez  
Gary Schmitz

Penny Peck

Janice Huntington  
Shellie Pickett







